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W. SHARP LITH



THE
3:19
BOOK OF GEMS;

▲
Gift for All Seasons.

BY
EUGENE SINCLAIR.

E
MANCHESTER, N. H.:
WILLIAM H. FISK.

1854.
~~1854~~

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THE GREETING.

SISTERS, we come from each rocky dale,
Each woodland home, and each fertile vale, —
From the mountain side, the city's hum,
The shores of each mimic lake, we come.
Your approving smile we meekly wait —
Accept the wreath from the Granite State.
For you we have come, with the laugh and song,
To each and to all our tributes belong.

As the lover twines a garland fair,
To deck the loved one's clustering hair,
What varied hues in the chaplet beam,
And each from contrast the lovelier seem ;
Thus now, from among our granite-bound realms,
A chaplet we'll wreath, bright-sparkling with GEMS —
A bouquet culled from its gardens anew —
And twining with care, inscribe it "FOR YOU."

Myron.

BY-PAST HOURS.

Go, dream of by-past hours;
In retrospect, once more,
Pluck fancy's gayest flowers,
And revel in thy store.
Go, seek thy native cot,
Scene of affection free,
Where pleasure cheered thy lot,
Where love was all to thee.

Do this, but never tell
The heartless world thy dream;
Its scorn would hope dispel,
Would crush the fairy theme.
Do this, but in thy breast
Let each fond wish expire:
For sorrows unrepressed
Are his who loves the lyre.

William B. Tapp

THE MERRIMAC.

SWEET Merrimac ! thy gentle stream
Is fit for better poet's theme ;
For rich thy waves, and gentle too,
As Rome's proud Tiber ever knew ;
And thy fair current's placid swell
Would flow in classic song as well.
Yet on thy banks, so green, so sweet,
Where wood nymphs dance and naiads meet,
E'en since creation's earliest dawn,
No son of song was ever born ;
No muse's fairy feet e'er trod
Thy modest margin's verdant sod ;
And 'mid Time's silent, feathery flight,
Like some coy maiden, pure as light,
Sequestered in some blest retreat,
Far from the city and the great,
Thy virgin waves the vales among
Have flowed neglected and unsung.
Yet as the sailor, raptured, hails
His native shores, his native vales, —
Returning home from many a day
Of tedious absence, far away
From her whose charms alone control

The warm affections of his soul, —
Thus, from life's stormy, troubled sea,
My heart returns to visit thee.

Sweet Nymph, whose fairy footsteps press,
And viewless fingers gaily dress,
By moonlight, or by Hesper's beam,
The verdant banks of this sweet stream, —
Who oft, by twilight's doubtful ray,
With wood-nymphs and with naiad gay,
Lead'st up the dance in merry mood,
To the soft murmurs of the flood, —
All hail once more ! 'Tis many a year
Since last I came to meet thee here ;
And much it glads my heart once more
To meet thee on this pleasant shore ;
For here in youth, when hope was high,
My breast a stranger to a sigh,
And my blood danced through every vein,
Amid the jolly, sportive train
Of youths and maids, who, gathering round,
Danced to the flute's entrancing sound,
I felt thy powerful influence
The bliss our bosoms felt dispense,
Delight on all our bosoms pour,
And make our hearts with joy brim o'er ; —
Thy fingers on each virgin's cheek
Impressed the witching " dimple sleek,"

Bade magic smiles and blushes meet
In mixture ravishingly sweet,
And many a face a charm possess,
Which then I felt, but can't express.

Blest days! — alas, forever past!
Sunk in the ocean deep and vast
Of years, whose dread profundity
Is pierced by none but Fancy's eye, —
Your joys, like gems of pearly light,
There hallowed shine in Fancy's sight.
What though, beside this gentle flood,
Bedewed with tears and wet with blood,
Profusely shed by iron Mars
In wild ambition's cruel wars,
No evergreen of glory waves
Among the fallen warriors' graves?
What though the battle's bloody rage,
Where mad, contending chiefs engage,
The nymphs that rule these banks so green,
And naiads soft, have never seen?
What though ne'er tinged this crystal wave
The rich blood of the fallen brave?
No deathless deed by hero done,
No battle lost, no victory won,
Here ever waked, with praise or blame,
The loud uplifted trump of fame?
Here bounteous spring profusely showers
A wilderness of sweets and flowers, —

The stately oak of royal line,
The spreading elm and towering pine,
Here cast a purer, happier shade
Than blood-stained laurels ever made.
No wailing ghosts of warriors slain
Along these peaceful shores complain ;
No maniac virgin, crazed with care,
The mournful victim of despair,
While pangs unutterable swell
Her heart to view the spot where fell
The youth who all her soul possessed,
Here tears her hair or beats her breast.
Ne'er victor lords, nor conquered slaves,
Disgraced these banks, disgraced these waves ;
But freedom, peace, and plenty here
Perpetual bless the passing year.

William M. Richardson.

THE TOMB OF STARK.

No trappings of state, their bright honors unfolding,
No gorgeous display, mark the place of thy rest ;
But the granite points out where thy body lies mould-
dering,
And where the wild rose sheds its sweets o'er thy
breast.

The zephyr of evening shall sport with the willow,
And play through the grass where the flowerets creep,
While the thoughts of the brave, as he bends o'er thy
pillow,

Shall hallow the spot of the hero's last sleep.

As, from glory and honor, to death thou descendedst,
'Twas meet thou shouldst lie by the Merrimac's
wave ;

It was well thou shouldst sleep 'mongst the hills thou
defendedst,

And take thy last rest in so simple a grave.

There forever thou'lt sleep, — and though ages roll o'er
thee,

And crumble the stone o'er thy ashes to earth ;
The sons of the free shall with reverence adore thee,
The pride of the mountains which gave thee thy
birth.

H. W. Herrick.

SUNSET.

Come with me, brother, forth ; and view the sun,
How he goes down in glory. Brilliant light
Is in the air : and brilliance on the waves.
Each slight, thin cloud is now irradiate,
And, 'neath our feet, we tread the only shade.

Thou wast not here last eve ; and sawest not
His other glorious valedictory suit.
Downward he came — down, from the chaos thick
Of a wild storm, which like a troubled deep
Left the dark sky, and sailed into a smooth
And golden sea, which shimmered in the west.
Then downward still, behind the riven cloud,
Which, like a massive, broken wall, was there
Upon the horizon low ; and, even like
The glowing parapets of Heaven, was rich
In ruby and in amethystine hues.
Like the hot glow of living fire was light
Behind that bastion cloud ; and then the sun
Went down below the earth, while far away,
Gleaming through every rift and broken space,
Spread the rich mantling blush ; and, upward there,
Inverted billows of the deep above
Caught on their hanging heads a crimson cap,
And hovered like a gay and liveried host,
O'er his farewell descent. He grows not old,
Like temples which their ruins strew around
Us here ; but fresh, unworn, and strong, as in
That day when set in firmament above.
Brother, he now has bade us all adieu,
And left the world to moonlight and to dreams.

Harriet Farley.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

"Cool enough up there: plenty cool enough. Showers every day, green as emerald all about! Delicious, I do assure you, going from these hot, parched regions."

This is what people say when they come back to us from the mountains. And to us who have lately seen all and felt all, what dreams of freshness, and comfort, and wonder do their rhapsodies beget! Of the mountains themselves; swelling and towering up to the very heavens, rocks as large as houses, torn and frightful, waiting only until *we* come along the accomplishment of their "dire intent" of crushing somebody; the sunshine and the beautiful blue mists, the darkness, nowhere else so intense, the vapors and the storms, nowhere else so headlong, sudden and tumultuous as among the mountains. These, ah! and the moonlight, and the mountain streams leaping clear and bright as crystal down their rocky way. And here, *par parenthese*, let me ask it of my readers who have been at the mountains, if, in any other place they ever saw such intensely green foliage, ever felt such invigorating airs, or treasured memories which will have such power to cool and refresh them, in all the

hot, wearisome days of their earthly life, as along these same mountain streams, at the Basin, the Flume, and the Whirlpool.

Apropos to the sudden showers and storms. We start out to ride a few miles for air and exercise, for a search after mosses, minerals, and flowers, to see how people live off there, to make our way into some log cabin we passed in coming to the Mountain House, ostensibly to get some water, but really to see if it is not "as dark as pitch within," and as dismal and comfortless as can be. The sun is shining, and there is only one cloud to be seen. We observe it particularly, on account of having had already several extemporaneous drenchings. There is but one cloud, and that is no larger than a man's coat, — with its skirts and sleeves well spread, dear reader, — and it lies away off at the north-western horizon. We venture out, therefore, in a light open buggy, with our parasols for the sunshine of the cleared districts, and our cashmeres for the cool, damp shade of the woods. Away we go. Our horse, it appears to us, absolutely flies over the road to "the music of the spheres" — for this it seems to us to be, the deep, strange silence of the place, from which yet there comes such deep, strange melody, when we bend our ear and thought, and listen as we go. We know that birds have a part in the concert, or we presume they have; for we look upward, and a giant hawk

“poised on high,
Flaps his broad wing, yet moves not.”

We turn to either side of the way, and birds are on the wing. Sprays, which they have just left, are quivering, and those on which they have just settled, are swaying to and fro. Before us, also, are they trotting along, ever and anon turning half around, with a hope to look at us, while from the tree tops, birds of heavier mould and gayer colors sail gracefully out, make their short circuit of supervision, and again settle in their leafy coverts to eye us as we pass. We know that all these, and thousands which we do not see, are “pouring their little throats;” but it is not this — we hear something beyond all this when we listen and are still. We feel in those moments that the great temple in which we are has an inner sanctuary, that as yet we have never entered, of infinite beauty, infinite purity, and infinite joy. Its “beautiful gates” are only occasionally opened to us; and it is then that we hear those low, dreamy sounds, as it were “the melting songs of other worlds;” then that those breezes fan us and supply our breath, which make us “drunk with beauty.” We do not know, it may be, that this is not all illusion. Since heaven is all around us, it may be that sometimes we are so far spiritualized as to enter upon the borders of the beautiful land, and to enjoy for a few moments, and in a poor degree, some of its delights. But it is not long; for it troubles us.

We are torn between a yearning to be away, to enter at once the sanctuary of beauty and holiness, and the gross materialism which still fastens us to the earth. This we cannot bear long, and therefore we are not long silent. We begin talking fast to the birds, to our companions, and to our good steed. We wield our sledge among the rocks along the way, or hunt the pale flowers, and arrange neatly every petal, every stamen, amongst the leaves of an old singing book taken along for this very purpose; or — but what was that? — a patter on a leaf near — what was it? What is this on our nose? Not rain; not rain, our companions declare, for the sun — pooh! where is the sun? We would like to have you show us the sun. There is not an inch of the sky to be seen, and that was certainly a great rain drop on that leaf, and on our nose. It was perfectly natural that it should alight on *our* nose of all the rest, for our nose is a long nose, protruding itself far enough beyond the perimeter of our little bonnet.

It was rain; no doubt of that now, for it is already falling fast and thick. And here we are, five miles from the Mountain House! and hands full of moss, and flowers, and rocks! No umbrella, no top nor boot to our carriage — nothing but our little bonnets, our little sunshades, and our cashmeres. Well, our minerals, flowers, and moss, must be dropped right here, — that is certain; we shall have enough to do to

take good care of ourselves. It is pleasant now — is it not? — that we have a kind driver, who says good naturedly, "Come, girls;" who looks up to the clouds, and whistles — whistles as he thoughtfully gathers the reins and whip, and who does not once on our way back say, "I thought — ah, we should have saved all this, sis; we shouldn't have had this bath, coz, if you had not been there so long musing and flower gathering." Yes; pleasant that we have not a driver who will say this to us. We are sorry enough as it is — malgre we go laughing all the way — to wet our bonnets. We would have no patience with one, were he brother, cousin, lover, husband, or friend, who, in such a case, would once say, "I thought," or "I told you," when, the truth known, he didn't any more than we did.

But snap! crack! whew! how our horse skims along the way, and how happy we are in defiance of the rain! happier, I do believe, on this rain's very account. And here we are in sight of Crawford's: truly, it goes to our hearts like the sight of home. Thrum-um-na go those ever-rolling balls. A gentleman is crossing the street to the alley with prodigious leaps, all made on tiptoe; and yonder, just disappearing in the Notch, is the "Mountain Ranger." We do not know what accessions to our company it has left at the Mountain House, or what number of acquaintances, formed there, it is carrying forever from our sight. We — But here

comes Mr. Crawford. Ah! we like him as a brother. In the twinkling of an eye he lifts us from our carriage into the piazza, and hurries along with us through the hall, brushing the big rain drops from our veils and shawls as we go. What, Mr. Crawford, "Dinner all ready? Been kept waiting for us *five minutes*?" Five minutes! Only think, brother! Only think, cousin! Five minutes — and in a boarding-house in America too! and up among the mountains, where people are so voraciously hungry. What, Mr. Crawford, "Trout from the stream direct," did you say? Ah! "And blackberries and cream, and blueberry dumplings, and — and —" Yes, we shall see. We will dress in just three minutes. Then such a dinner as we will make after this drive, and on such fare too! And after dinner we will sit on the parlor sofas, and rest, and listen to the contented buzz going on in all the rooms, and buzz ourselves occasionally, and turn over the leaves in "Jackson's Report," without reading, seeing, or thinking, and perhaps we will, *nolens volens*, get the least bit of a siesta somewhere along; and if we do, then we are rested! Then we are ready for any thing — for the heartiest laugh we ever had yet over the odd conceits and really witty things of the albums; for finding Uncle John and giving him torment some way, quizzing the little city dandy, who fancies us all in love with him; for a good and sensible chat with the good and sensible Mrs. Kelley; for a quarrel with Professor

Lane about things in general; or, better than any of these — since it would help us most effectually to rid ourselves of this superabundance of electricity — for a game at tenpins, now that the shower is over. Come, *cousin*; come, brother; come, Professor Lane, and uncle John, — yes, *do* come, uncle John, and we will go on our knees, and not laugh once while we ask your pardon for throwing that water on you. Mrs. Kelley, please — thank you — yes we will all go now to the bowling-room. Your arm, uncle John; only, don't let me fall if I slip in the mud, as you did purposely the other day.

E. Jane Cate, (Franklin.)

THE LYRE.

THERE was a lyre, 'tis said, that hung
High waving in the summer air;
An angel hand its chords had strung,
And left to breathe its music there.
Each wandering breeze, that o'er it flew,
Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain,
Than ever shell of mermaid blew
In coral grottos of the main.
When, springing from the rose's bell,
Where all night he had sweetly slept,

The zephyr left the flowery dell
Bright with the tears that morning wept :
He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre
Waved lightly his soft azure wing.
What touch such music could inspire !
What harp such lays of joy could sing !
The murmurs of the shaded rills,
The birds that sweetly warbled by,
And the soft echo from the hills,
Were heard not where that harp was nigh.
When the last light of fading day,
Along the bosom of the west,
In colors softly mingled lay,
While night had darkened all the rest,
Then, softer than that fading light,
And sweeter than the lay that rung
Wild through the silence of the night,
As solemn Philomela sung,
That harp its plaintive murmurs sighed
Along the dewy breeze of even ;
So clear and soft they swelled and died,
They seemed the echoed songs of heaven.
Sometimes, when all the air was still,
And not the poplar's foliage trembled,
That harp was nightly heard to thrill
With tones no earthly tones resembled.
And then, upon the moon's pale beams,
Unearthly forms were seen to stray,

Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams
Would oft around the wild harp play.
But soon the bloom of summer fled ;
In earth and air it shone no more ;
Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead,
While skies their wintry sternness wore.
One day, loud blew the northern blast,
The tempest's fury raged along ;
O for some angel, as they passed,
To shield the harp of heavenly song !
It shrieked — how could it bear the touch,
The cold, rude touch of such a storm,
When e'en the zephyr seemed too much
Sometimes, though always light and warm !
It loudly shrieked — but ah, in vain :
The savage wind more fiercely blew ;
Once more — it never shrieked again,
For every chord was torn in two.
It never thrilled with anguish more,
Though beaten by the wildest blast ;
The pang, that thus its bosom tore,
Was dreadful — but it was the last.
And though the smiles of summer played
Gently upon its shattered form,
And the light zephyrs o'er it strayed,
That Lyre they could not wake or warm.

Milton Ward.

THE GRANITE HILLS.

THE Granite Hills ! How sweet those words
Are always to my ear !
What pleasant thoughts e'er cluster round
My native state, so dear !

From boyhood's earliest hours I've roamed
Amidst her hills and dales,
I've seen her frowning torrents pour,
And heard her mountain gales.

Her lakes so smooth, so pure, so clear,
Bright mirrors of the sky,
No lake of sunny Italy
Can with their beauties vie.

I've gazed on pictures rare, and drawn
With limner's nicest skill,
But ah, no painting gladdens me
Like Old New Hampshire's hills.

When I am gone, I will but ask
Some quiet, shady grove,

That I may slumber undisturbed
Amid the scenes I've loved.
Then lay me where some silent stream
Its narrow channel fills,
With many a leafy bough o'erhead,
Among the Granite Hills.

Arthur B. Childs.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOMES.

THE glad, green earth beneath our feet,
The blue, bright heaven is greeting;
And voiceless praise is rising up,
Responsive to the meeting.
Yet wherefore wakes a scene like this
The warm heart's wild emotion?
The slave may boast a home as bright
Beyond the pathless ocean.

Why do we love our mountain land?
The murmuring of her waters?
Italia's clime is far more bland,
More beautiful her daughters!
Why pine we for our native skies?
Our cloud-encircled mountains?

The hills of Spain as proudly rise,
As freshly burst her fountains !
Alas for mount or classic stream,
By deathless memories haunted !
For there Oppression, unrebuked,
His iron foot hath planted.
The curse is on her vine-clad hills,
'Tis rife upon her waters ;
But doubly deep upon her sons,
And on her dark-eyed daughters.

Go fling a fetter o'er the mind,
And bid the heart be purer ;
Unnerve the warrior's lifted arm,
And bid his aim be surer ;
Go bid the weary, prisoned bird
Unfurl her powerless pinion ; —
But ask not of the mind to brook
The despot's dark dominion !

Why turn we to our mountain homes
With more than filial feeling ?
'Tis here that Freedom's altars rise,
And Freedom's sons are kneeling !
Why sigh we not for softer climes ?
Why cling to that which bore us ?
'Tis here we tread on Freedom's soil,
With Freedom's sunshine o'er us !

This is her home — this is her home,
The dread of the oppressor ;
And this her hallowed birthday is,
And millions rise to bless her !
'Tis joy's high Sabbath ; grateful hearts
Leap gladly in their fountains,
And bless our God, who fixed the home
Of Freedom in the mountains !

Mrs. S. R. A. Barnes, (Manchester.)

THE OLD WOODS.

OLD woods ! thou art venerable in thy years,
And thou hast grand and stately monuments,
Which Time hath reared to mark his own progress.
But he numbers his greatest strides with change ;
And when he hath returned from his far rounds,
He doth fling upon them his withering pall,
And they no longer greet with foliage
The passing year at the vernal festival,
But tremble like a man in weary age,
Till their proud branches are bowed to the earth,
And they are drear and stricken things.
Then the far winds gather and throw them down,
And bear on their fleet wings the hollow dirge

To hill and dale afar. The seedlings rise up
In pride and beauty, and spread their branches
To the sky.

Nature in thy deep solitudes doth reign
Supreme. The presence of the benign God
Is there, as light pervades the day, or thought
The mind. And when man hath become weary
Of his labors in the world's strife, he may seek
A retreat in the deep wilderness,
And in the far, all-pervading stillness
Of that vast sanctuary, where the nymphs
Do hold communion, learn wisdom not taught
In flowery domes, and with nature's truths
Before him, resolve his own imperfect deeds
Into good (if aught there is) and evil,
And trace the stream of his own wayward life
Back to the crystal fount from whence it flowed,
And there — with energy of thought, unclouded
By the dim mysteries that paralyze
The quickening intellect, and shadow
Nature's evidence of the living God —
Learn the wondrous purpose of human life.

There is a magic spirit in the woods,
Wherewith we may multiply the mysteries
Of the universe, and then unfold them,
And trace the varying, yet unvaried,

Hand of Divinity, from the flower
And germ, to the high monarch of the hills,
Thence, in lines of glowing inspiration,
Through man to Heaven.

David Gilchrist.

SABBATH EVENING.

'Tis the eve of Sabbath ; all is so still
That the wing of the bird, as it flies to its nest,
Sends forth a low rustle, and sweet murmurs thrill
On the ear, though the earth and the winds are at
rest,

Like music that flows from the harp's golden strings,
When swept by some spirit's invisible wings.

Even yonder white cloud, in the fair evening sky,
Its bosom just tinged with the hue of the rose,
As it moves, like a fairy sail, noiselessly by,
Has a look that partakes of the Sabbath's repose ;
But the calm and the stillness, more holy than all,
Are those o'er the spirit that silently fall.

As the flower, pale and drooping, doth heavenward
turn,
When the day's gairish splendor no more meets its eye,

And while the fresh dewdrops steal into its urn,
Its perfume gives out to the breeze floating by,
From our hearts may the incense of praise, this blest
hour,
Flow forth like the fragrance that breathes from the
flower.

Caroline Orna.

THE SULTRY NOON.

THE fields are still.
The husbandman has gone to his repast,
And, that partaken on the coolest side
Of his abode, reclines, in sweet repose.
Deep in the shaded stream the cattle stand,
The flocks beside the fence, with heads all prone
And panting quick. The fields, for harvest ripe,
Now breezes bend in smooth and graceful waves,
While with their motion, dim and bright by turns,
The sunshine seems to move; nor e'en a breath
Brushes along the surface with a shade,
Fleeting and thin, like that of flying smoke.
The slender stalks, their heavy bended heads
Support as motionless as oaks their tops.
O'er all the woods the topmost leaves are still.

E'en the wild poplar leaves, that pendent hang
By stems elastic, quiver at a breath,
Rest in the general calm. The thistle down
Seen high and thick, by gazing up beside
Some shading object, in a silver shower,
Plumb down, and slower than the slowest snow,
Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends ;
And where it lights, though on the steepest roof,
Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved.
White as a fleece, as dense and as distinct
From the resplendent sky, a single cloud
On the soft bosom of the air becalmed,
Drops a lone shadow as distinct and still,
On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side ;
Or in the polished mirror of the lake,
In which the deep reflected sky appears
A calm, sublime immensity below.

Charles Wilcox.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go ; but never when there
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray ;
Like the meteor's flash it will deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as the vestal fire ;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name,
But the heart ne'er feels its ray ;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are like beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come !
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then, turn to the light of home.

Sarah Josepha Hale.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

WHEN a soft October day comes, with a golden haze in the atmosphere, and the whole earth is steeped in languid beauty, have you never felt a vague wish to go off *somewhere*? Have you a fancy for a life in the woods? To start off on some road little travelled, and turn in at the first forest path you come to, and follow every winding wood track, rustling heedless over falling leaves, listening to the jays calling to one another upon the trees, are ways of spending time, for which one day is never long enough.

I confess to a fascination for forest life. I have been reading about the early settlers of Massachusetts — the little band of emigrants, guided by Thomas Hooker, who journeyed westward to the banks of the Connecticut. Men, women, and children, with their flocks and herds, wandered over the green valleys and through the broad forests of Massachusetts, living a pastoral life, as did the patriarchs in the Bible times. What a glorious time they must have had of it? I have read "Eöthen," too, till the adventurous spirit of its fearless writer has fascinated my wayward fancy, and made me wish for the freedom of the "dwellers in

tents." My heart is in it — this life of vagabondage. At this moment — sitting here, with the sunshine flickering over my page, and the falling leaves rushing round me — how gladly would I exchange my quiet life for a wild Indian's roving! There must be intense interest in the uncertainty and adventure of each day; constant and changing pleasure in new scenes; health and happiness in the exercise.

Mary Howitt, in the early days of her wedded life, travelled off, with her husband, over half of Scotland, hundreds and hundreds of miles on foot. I remember, too, about Audubon. What an enviable life has his been, journeying off in new countries, by day and by night, living among all beautiful things, himself hardy, bold, and robust, and with the fine physique essential to their enjoyment! And his wife — a most noble and lovable woman, in the measure of her intellect and affections — shared with him the toils and the perils, — O, yes, and the happiness, beyond expression, — of those wanderings; the bark canoe on the unknown river; the scant meal of berries in the pathless woods; the birds' music; the leafy shade; the thousand beautiful and charming things in that boundless west.

History tells us of the wife of an early settler, who came over a peerlessly lovely bride, from cultivated England, to the wilderness of our new world. Though mistress of a stately home in her native land, she chose the dangers and privations, and the wild ad-

venture of a life with him. She had the erect form and glorious health of her countrywomen ; she had the love, and devotion, and self-sacrificing spirit of a true wife ; and through the forests of Maine, and along the margin of the great lakes, she journeyed without other companion than her husband. I fancy, with pleasure, the picture of this refined and elegant woman, in her fit and beautiful half-Indian, half-lady-like, and all-coquettish costume, passing years in that wild, exciting, but most delightful life.

There was Daniel Boone, too. That man had a most noble character — fearless, bold, and determined, with his strong backwoodsman's arm, his chivalric, right generous heart. I like to think of him — that pioneer of the west, moving on farther and farther into the wilderness ; raising, at last, his log cabin, where the smoke from no settler's hut had ever risen, beyond the reach, or sight, or sound of civilized life ! O, he must have enjoyed it — that brave old soul, sharing no companionship but his own thoughts, and the presence of the God above him, and leading his life of loneliness among the glorious things of creation.

I love to read of wild adventure ; of wandering life ; of De Soto on the Mississippi ; Boone in the wilderness ; Audubon on the distant prairies of the West ; and O, most touchingly and tenderly beautiful, that tale of love's pilgrimage from green Acadia to the luxuriant shore of the Father of waters ; from the voyagers'

path over the desert, to the missionaries' lodge in the West — the sweet, sad story of Evangeline.

Ina, (New London.)

THOUGHTS ALONE.

THE world is still; the shadows grow
Silently through the evening air;
Nightward day's sparkling moments flow,
To lose their light and clearness there.
And I am all alone; the shade
Of twilight casts its sombre gloom,
And sunny thoughts all seem to fade,
As hopes die at the loved one's tomb.

O for some heart to beat with mine,
Some love to light its holy flame;
Some soul to which I could resign
Each hope of life, each high-wrought aim;
Some one to trust, as life goes on,
With a love as pure as heaven's light,
Which, when the rays of day are gone,
Shines in the starry robes of night!

Yes, I could love some trustful one,
Whose heart was pure, and free from guile,
Whose voice should soothe till life was done,
Whose look should cheer by its happy smile;
Or, if the sorrows of earth should twine
Their myrtle wreaths around the heart,
And shade the sunlight of hope divine,
Who might pray with me for the better part.

To feel I was loved and trusted here,
Where so few will trust their hearts in love,
Where few can shed sympathy's tear,
Or breathe together hopes above;
To feel a care so deep and strong,
To unbosom every cherished thought,
To gain affections which so long
Have been in constant yearnings sought, —

To clasp the hand which shall greet my own,
To hear the voice which shall always send
Through the heart a cheerful tone, —
This is the life that I would spend.
Then these lone hours would blend with those
Sacred to love's inspiring throng;
And sweeter, as life draws to its close,
Would rise the notes of its happy song.

George Moore.

I WON HER HEART IN AUTUMN

I won her heart in autumn,
That brings the golden dawn,
When crimsoned were the forest leaves,
The honeysuckle gone.
But she is not what she has been
To me in moments past —
The silver chord is broken,
And golden bowl, at last !

She was a fairy creature,
With eyes of heaven's blue,
And locks that o'er her shoulders fell,
And heart that promised true ;
But Mammon wooed with coffers bright,
And hollow words of pride —
Why should she, with such beauty,
Become a poor man's bride ?

He had a dappled courser,
With proudly arching mane ;
It should be hers, and she should guide
It with a silken rein ;

While in the light her spotless brow
With costly gems should burn,
And at her gate the menial
Should wait for her return.

The harp, and flute, and viol
Should to her halls belong,
And voices from beyond the sea
Should mingle there in song.
She listened ; and her woman's heart
Could keep its trust no more ;
She could not wed a *poor man* —
'Twas *vulgar* to be poor !

The leaves again are crimson,
The honeysuckle gone,
And she, so loved and lost, is by
Her dappled coursers drawn.
But on her cheek the faded rose
A tale hath meekly told,
How that her heart is breaking
Beneath its silver fold.

And is it thus with woman ?
Is human love so nought,
That it may ever, ever be
With golden bubbles bought ?

Then what are life's young visions worth,
Their pure, unearthly bliss,
If all that they have promised
Must fade away to this ?

J. Q. A. Wood.

THE SOUL OF SONG.

O, WHERE resides the soul of song ?
Say, where may it be found ?
Does it dwell with the dancing, fairy throng ?
Does it live on enchanted ground ?

Where dwells the real soul of song ?
Lives it in polar regions,
Where snows remain for ages long,
Uninfluenced by the seasons ?

Or lives the soul of joyful song
In the burning tropic clime,
Where the ever-flowering orange grows,
And the cluster-laden vine ?

Lives it on mountains, bleak and wild,
High towering to the sky ?
Or is it the humble valley's child,
In lowly glens to lie ?

Does it live in the bubbling crystal spring —
In the brooklet's rippling stream?
Or in ocean's unknown regions deep
Do its pearly treasures gleam?

Is it borne along on the gentle breeze,
And by zephyrs lulled to rest?
Or on the whirlwind does it ride,
By the sprite of the storm caressed?

Does it dwell in the bright and gaudy flower
Of the prairie's fertile plain?
Is its home in the gloomy forest deep?
Do we seek it still in vain?

The soul of merry song doth dwell
In all this little earth;
'Twas given us by the "morning stars" —
'Tis of celestial birth.

The little, noisy, murmuring stream
Sings praises as it flows;
And the boundless ocean sings a song
In the storm, or in repose.

The feathered warblers of the wood
Pour forth, in sweetest strains,
Songs to the Author of all good,
Who nought has made in vain.

When zephyrs gently move the leaves,
Or tempest loudly roars,
The soul of song blends every sound,
As upward high it soars.

And, O, that man his heart might tune
To join the mighty choir,
And loudest sing the praise of Him
Whom man should most admire, —

That, when the world has passed away,
The morning stars may sing,
As they retake the soul of song
Which souls from earth may bring.

Effe May, (Runney.)

CASUAL COUNSEL.

"WHAT read'st thou there, my fair-haired boy,
With eye so soft and blue?
What spell has chilled the tide of joy,
Which late thy veins ran through?"
Up looked he from that page of fear,
(Such dread our race inherits,)
And spoke the title, low but clear,
"The world of Evil Spirits."

“Hand me the book, my gentle friend,
And let me o'er it glance,
Whilst thou a patient hearing lend
To what I may advance.
'Spirits of Evil!' — ah, my child!
They are of fearful might:
'Tis well thou seek'st to shun their guile;
Be sure thou seek'st aright!

“‘Devils!’ — Ah, yes, in this world of woe,
They throng each trodden street,
By day, by night — where the lonely go,
Or where the joyous meet;
But dread them not in shapes like *this*,
Absurd, — grotesque, — abhorred;
Ah, no! they revel in forms of bliss,
And shine at the sparkling board!

“In glossy suit, — perchance of black,
The devil is oft arrayed;
While the dapper boot on his sinister foot
Does honor to Crispin's trade.
Ah, not by outward shape of fear
Is the cunning devil shown;
But the gamester's wile, or the scoffer's sneer,
Shall make his presence known.

“‘Witches!’ Ah, yes, they, too, abound;
But ne'er in garb like this;

They rather in silks than rags are found,
And betray, as of old, with a kiss.
When the witch looks out from a wanton's eye,
Or up from the ruby bowl,
Then, if thou wouldst not to virtue die,
Stand firm in thy strength of soul !

“ ‘ Ghosts ! ’ Ah, my child ! dread spectres they
That tell of our wasted powers ;
The short-lived elves of Folly's day ;
The ghosts of our murdered hours ;
Of friendship broken, love estranged ;
Of all that our hearts condemn ;
Of good repelled to evil changed ;
Beware, my boy, of them ! ”

Horace Greeley.

ORIGINAL THINKING.

Who that has for a moment exercised his own intellectual powers upon any given subject or subjects, has not felt that he has a living principle within, which, if stirred to the fountain, is capable of bringing forth from the laboratory of his own mind thoughts that would sway a multitude of the unthinking ? The unthinking, did I say ? Are there human beings,

rational and accountable, who permit to lie dormant the highest faculty of our nature — thought? Alas! do we not see it in every-day life? — men, whom God has endowed with reflecting and reasoning powers, suffering themselves to be led captive by the aspiring ambition of some awful demagogue, merely because they are too indolent to think; allowing their moral powers to be governed and directed, indeed, to be at the sole disposal of some one in whom they have placed confidence. And is there no sin in thus committing our ways to another? Our talents are given us to improve till our Lord comes, and he that neglects, — who shall say to him, Not guilty? What a visible change would there be in society, if one and all would arouse the moral energies of their souls, awake within them the immortal germ of thought, and incite to action that glorious image of the eternal mind, which has been suffered so long to remain in unconscious repose!

The pleasure of thought might be mentioned as an incitement to mental application, as he, who has toiled for hours, with the silence of his own thought, would testify. Note the ecstatic joy of the student, who has labored long over a problem or proposition, but finally comes to a logical conclusion; who has struggled with the misty darkness of his own mind, for a clear view of some difficult subject, until the clouds, one after another, have dispersed, and he beholds, with his

mental vision, in bright and glorious light, the conception for which he labored. Think you he would exchange his joys for the pleasures of sense? It is of a higher and more ennobling character, and not to be bartered for paltry worth.

What dignity and self-respect invest the man of thought! His very looks bespeak of mind. He is approached with deference, as a being of higher order in the scale of intelligence; as one who has a right to command and be obeyed. For what moves mind, but mind? A strong intellect, coming in contact with one of less energy, will as naturally move it, as superior physical strength will overcome the weaker.

Doth it not become mankind to arm themselves with the panoply of thought, to exercise the mind — the highest gift of nature with which we are endowed, and which is to continue in the advancement of knowledge throughout eternity? Would that all might so cultivate and improve their reasoning and reflecting faculties, as not only to add to their happiness here, but to their eternal felicity hereafter, that it might not be said of any, in that day when all must give an account, that they had neglected to improve the talent committed to their care!

Caroline Orne.

LINES.

O, who that has gazed, in the stillness of even,
On the fast-fading hues of the west,
Has seen not afar, in the bosom of heaven,
Some bright little mansion of rest,
And mourned that the path to a region so fair
Should be shrouded with sadness and fears;
That the night winds of sorrow, misfortune, and care,
Should sweep from the deep-rolling waves of despair,
To darken this cold world of tears?

And who that has gazed has not longed for the hour
When misfortune forever shall cease,
And hope, like the rainbow, unfold, through the shower,
Her bright-written promise of peace?
And O, if that rainbow of promise may shine
On the last scene of life's wintry gloom,
May its light in the moment of parting be mine;
I ask but one ray from a source so divine,
To brighten the vale of the tomb.

Oliver W. B. Peabody.

TO THE MERRIMACK RIVER,

AT THE FALLS OF THE AM-AUH-NOUR-SKEAG.

ROLL on, bright stream !

And ever thus, from earliest time, thou'st leaped
And played amid these caverned, sounding rocks,
When the long summer's sun hath tamed thy power
To gentleness ; or, roused from thy long sleep,
Hast cast thy wintry fetters off, and swept,
In wild, tumultuous rage, along thy courst,
Flinging the white foam high from out thy path,
And shaking to their very centre earth's
Foundation stones.

And in thine awful might,

When terror rides thy wildly-heaving wave
Or in thy soft and gentle flow, when break
The ripples on thy sandy shore, in sweet,
Delicious music, as of fairy bells,
How beautiful art thou !

And, since that first

Glad hour, when morning stars together sang,

Each rising sun, with dewy eye, hath looked
On thee. Each full-orbed moon hath smiled to see
Herself thrown back in pencilled loveliness,
Mirrored a mimic disk of light, beneath
Thy pure and limpid wave, or broken else
Into a myriad crystal gems, flung high,
In sparkling jets or gilded spray, towards heaven.

And long ere on thy shores the white man trod,
And wove the magic chain of human will
Around thy free and graceful flood, and tamed
Its power to minister to human good,
The Indian roamed along thy wooded banks,
And listened to thy mighty voice with awe.
He, too, untutored in the schoolman's lore,
And conversant with Nature's works alone,
More deep, true, reverent worship paid to thee
Than does his fellow-man, who boasts a faith
More pure, an aim more high, a nobler hope —
Yet, in his soul, is filled with earth-born lusts.

The Indian loved thee as a gift divine
To him thou flow'dst from the blest land that smiled
Behind the sunset hills — the Indian heaven,
Where, on bright plains, eternal sunlight fell,
And bathed in gold the hills, and dells, and woods,
Of the blest hunting-grounds. With joy he drew
The finny stores from out thy swarming depths,

Or floated o'er thee in his light canoe,
And blessed the kindly hand that gave him thee,
A never-failing good, a fount of life
And blessing to his race. And thou to him
Didst image forth the crystal stream that flows
From "out the throne of God and of the Lamb,"
The Christian's "water of the life divine."
Thy source was in the spirit-peopled clouds,
And to his untaught fancy thou didst spring
Fresh from Manitou's hands — the o'erflowing hand
From which all blessing comes, alike to him
Whose teaching comes from rude, material things,
Who worships 'neath the clear blue dome of heaven,
As him who in a sculptured temple prays.

And thou, bright river, in thy ceaseless flow,
Hast mirrored many a passing scene would charm
The painter's eye, would fire the poet's soul;
For beauty of the wild, free wood and floods
Is yet more beautiful when far removed
From the loud din of toil, that e'er attends
The civilizing march of Saxon blood.
And poetry, unversed indeed, and rude,
But full of soul-wrought, thrilling harmony,
Hath spoken in thy murmur or thy roar;
And human hearts, through long, swift-gliding years,
Have made the valley thou hast blessed their home,
Where they have lived, and loved, and joyed, and hoped,

Nay, passed through all that makes the sum of life,
Of human life, in every clime and age.

Along thy shaded banks, in grim array,
Wild bands of "braves," as fearless and as true
As ever sought a deadly foeman's blade,
Or battled nobly in a country's cause,
With step as silent as the grave, have sped,
In lengthened files, to strife, and blood, and death.

In that sweet dell, where giant trees o'erhang
Thy soft, encircling wave, the council-fires
Have blazed. There silent, stern, grave-visaged men
Have sat the magic circle round, and smoked
The calumet of peace; or youths, in wild
Exciting dance, with battle songs and shouts,
With flashing arms, and well-feigned, earnest strife,
Have acted the sad mimicry of war.

To yonder sheltered nook, where, still and calm,
The chafed and wearied waters rest a while
Behind a rocky point, on which the waves
Break ever, with a music soft and sweet,
And 'neath the shadows of tall, sighing pines,
That, in the fiercest noon, create a soft,
Cool, cloistered light upon the sward beneath,
The dusky brave, fierce now no more, hath stolen
Oft at the twilight hour, and when the young
New moon hath tipped with silver bough, and rock,

And wave, to murmur into willing ears
Love's witching story, told full oft, yet new
As when 'twas whispered in fair Eden's bowers.

Sweet Merrimack ! For ages thus the stream
Of human life ran on with thine, yet not
As thine ; for thou art as thou wast of old,
When first the Indian chased along thy banks.
But where is now the red man, true and brave ?

Alas ! where once the child of nature trod,
Unquestioned monarch of the land and wave,
The many-towered, busy city stands !
Hills that threw back the war-whoop's fearful peal,
When filled was this fair vale with sounds of strife,
Now echo to the engine's shriller scream,
As swift and strong it flies, with goodly freight
Of life and merchandise !

By thy fair stream

The red man roams no more. No more he snares
The artful trout, or lordly salmon spears ;
No more his swift-winged arrow strikes the deer.
Towards the setting sun, with faltering limb
And glaring eye, he seeks a distant home,
Where withering foot of white man ne'er can come.

And thy wild water, Merrimack, is tamed,
And bound in servile chains which mind has forged

To bind the stubborn earth, the free-winged air,
The heaving ocean, and the rushing stream,
Th' obedient servants of a mightier will,
E'en as a spirit caught in earth-born toils,
As legends tell, and doomed to slave for him
Who holds the strong, mysterious bond of power.
And thou art now the wild, free stream no more,
Playing all idly in thy channels old;
Thy days of sportive beauty and romance
Are gone. Yet, harnessed to thy daily toil,
And all thy powers controlled by giant mind,
And right directed, thou'rt a spirit still,
And workest mightily for human good,
Changing, in thine abundant alchemy,
All baser things to gold.

Theodore Russell, (Manchester.)

ABOUT NAMES.

I AM inclined to be of the opinion that women may be classified by their names, certain names being suggestive of peculiar traits of character. Who ever knew of a Lucy who was not timid and dependent? The name itself has a gentle sound, and mournful,

now, as I recall the sad tale of the sweet Bride of Lammermoor.

Catharine has been illustrious through centuries of history — the favorite appellation of the proud daughters of Braganza and Aragon — borne by the queen consorts of Great Britain — honored by the Livonian peasant girl who shared the heart and throne of a Russian czar. Then we have the stately Catharines who move in royal procession on Shakspeare's page, and "plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;" and roguish Kate — poor Roland Græme's bewildering love; and Luther's Catharine, and the painted Blake's warm-hearted Kate.

Kate is the girl, capricious, and half a coquette, calmed to the more elegant Catharine in her perfect womanhood — superb then as a crowned queen, scorning insults, quick in resentment, but loving unto death.

Jane is quiet and determined, with a strong, energetic will, "equal to any fate."

Julia is piquant, shrewd, saucy, bright-eyed, and beautiful. Claiming close relationship to Julia in mischief-making comes Lizzie, quite as roguish, a merry, rosy-checked girl, with abundance of glossy, dark curls, and a foot that falls "as lightly as a sunbeam on the water."

Unlike these, never mirthful, never trivial, is Margaret, with a sweet tracery of beauty in every lineament of her serious face. Her clear eye burns, as with some hidden fire, — her cheek is of marble paleness, — her

brow, too lofty for feminine loveliness, is radiant with intellect.

“Nor look, nor tone, revealeth aught
Save woman’s quietness of thought;
And yet around her is the light
Of inward majesty and might.”

She might be a tragic queen — a Siddons — a Rachel — a Joan of Arc — or, as she was, in pride, and magnanimity, and misfortune, the thrice regal princess of Anjou.

In the symbolical language of the Hebrews, the word *Hannah* means, “one who gives.” I once heard of a *Hannah* who was called a coquette; but it must have been a mistake. She is just the right woman “to go hand in hand with, through the every-day-ness of this work-day world.” [Perhaps I have not quoted quite correctly, but no matter.]

Alice is like a “dream of poetry.” How beautiful the name is — a good old English name, borne by the fair Saxon maidens in the olden time, and graced now by many a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl. It is fragrant of sweet-brier walks, and tangled copsewood, and all the scenes of

“The wanderings with a fair-haired maid.”

Was not *her* name Alice? I think it was, Alice N——, sacred to tender memories in the gentle heart of Charles Lamb. We can hardly think of plain Alice, or way-

ward Alice. It would be like sweet bells jangled and out of tune. It should be fair Alice, or bonny Alice — always a winsome, blue-eyed girl.

Some one has said that the best welcome in the world is the frank "How are you?" of an Irish girl. Just such a welcome would Ellen give you — a cordial "How are you?" at meeting, and a warm "God bless you!" at parting. I like Ellen for that — her joyous voice — her merry smile — her dancing eye — her ringing laugh, — not always a musical laugh, perhaps, but glad and free as the ripple of a brook, or the song of a bird.

Cold and calm, icy cold and marble calm, is Caroline. One can hardly think of a Caroline who has not a striking dignity of character and manners — self-possession in every motion — the seeming consciousness of grace and majesty innate. She sets a high value upon herself, and passes at that valuation.

The name Sarah means "princess," and princess-like women wear it as proudly as a countess might wear her coronet.

One of the loveliest among women, formed for all household virtues, Imogen in her fidelity, Desdemona in her gentleness, is Marianna.

Maria — how can I describe Maria? How noble that name appears in history, immortal through her for whom the gallant Hungarians swore, as they placed the iron crown of the Lombard kings upon her slender

head, "We will die for our *king*, Maria Theresa!" And Roland's glorious wife — that woman who stood calm, majestic in the wild tumult of volcanic France — "serenely complete, like a white Grecian statue amid that black wreck of night!" There was but one Madame Roland, as there was but one Josephine.

For all to whom the blessed name of Mary is a household word, let me quote their portrait of a fireside idol — darling Mary: —

"Let her be full of quiet grace,
Not sparkling with a sudden glow,
Brightening her purely chiselled face
And placid brow;
Not radiant to the *stranger's* eye —
A creature easily passed by; —

"But who, once seen, with untold power
Forever haunts the yearning heart,
Raised from the crowd that self-same hour
To dwell apart,
All sainted and enshrined, to be
The idol of our memory.

"And O, let Mary be her name;
It hath a sweet and gentle sound,
At which no glories dear to fame
Come crowding round,
But which the dreaming heart beguiles
With holy thoughts and household smiles."

Ans.

BRIDAL WISHES.

HEAVEN bless thy gentle bride,
Bless the husband at her side —
May your paths through life be free
From all that's woe to her and thee.
The joys to others ye bestow,
In thine own home may ye e'er know ;
Such pleasures in your bosoms live,
As ye to others often give.
Trials meet with chastened grace ;
Look them calmly in the face ;
Angels' wings you'll see unfurled,
They are from that better world ;
On their pinions, far away,
To the realms of nightless day,
They will bear your souls away.
Oft, at nightfall, angels come
To the still, secluded home,
Clad in human wanderers' guise,
Blessing with a glad surprise,
When the morrow's sun shall rise,
And the heart that's open e'er
To the passing traveller,

Welcoming the wronged and lone,
Taking in the sorrowing one,
Giving hope and sympathy
With its boundless charity,
Oft will find good angels stay,
Guard them to the coming day ;
Watching through each dangerous night,
Till the morrow dawneth bright.
To such angels, now, my friends,
Thee and thine my heart commends.

Harriet Farley, (Lowell, 1849.)

WOMAN'S LOVE.

O, if there be, 'mid all life's hollowness,
Its cold, unreal seeming, one pure spell,
Making of chaos, beauty, — weakness, strength, —
One fount of freshest feeling, one bright hue
Dropped from the wing of angel Innocence
In her sad flight from Eden to the skies, —
'Tis *woman's love*. What is there else on earth,
What thing beside, so frail and yet so strong,
Whose very might is tears ? or what beside
Whose treasured wealth is one low-whispered tone ?

The fresh awakening rose-bud may enclose
How much of rarest odor in its cup,
Ere the light zephyr spirit's wooing wing
Invadè its dainty portals, bearing thence
A world of breathing beauty and fair hues ;
E'en thus with woman's heart, — its deep repose
Is full of calmness, and the dreamer sighs,
O'erburdened with the marble quietude
Of feeling unawakened ; but the gleams
Of nobler being, and the unwrit lore
That love brings with it, these are absent there.
'Tis but when the pure faith that sees in time
Its livelong joy, in death but second birth,
Doth inly fold its wing, that woman's heart,
As 'twere an angel's mission, poureth forth
Its hoarded sweetness, oft, alas ! on air.

Power, fame, dominion, and the gleam of gold,
The pomp, the pride of splendor, these are man's ;
Only one lonely breath of tenderness
Floats through his spirit 'mid the din of all ;
But mightiest 'mid the mighty, swaying scorn
And pride before it like a wind-swept reed !
For love, O, love is woman's : gave earth none, ,
No other seal of beauty to her brow,
No gift to make her equal with her lord,
Love were alone sufficient in itself,
Outweighing all beside !

There is no flame,
Lured from heaven's altar to the human breast,
No vestal lamp, whose fragrant oil burns on
Through dark despair and sorrow's blackest night,
Kept pure and quenchless still, save woman's love !
Joanna.

THE STRANGER MAIDEN'S DEATH.

SHE was an humble maiden, and — she died.
This is her history. The pomp of pride, —
A towering intellect, — ambition's strife, —
Appear not in the annals of her life.
She was an humble maiden, and her home
Was far away, where fragrant breezes come
From waving cornfields ; pastures broad and fair,
And boundless forests, proudly stretching there,
Compassed the simple "house where she was born ;
And pleasantly, as oped each joyous morn,
The lowing kine, and lambkins bleating near,
Sent their accustomed voices to her ear.
Here long her childish footsteps gayly roved ;
This was her happiness, — she lived and loved.

But from the distant city, rumors flew
Of other scenes ; and o'er her dazzled view

Danced beaming phantoms, gay and golden dreams,
Illumed by fancy's bright, deceitful gleams.
She left her home, and here she trod a while
The beaten path of labor ; and a smile
Glowed on her cheek, and sparkled in her eye ;
Her hands their daily task wrought willingly.
Of care and pain she lightly bore her share,
For youth and health are buoyant every where.
Not long she labored thus, — for sickness came,
Weakening the vigor of her youthful frame,
Until, as 'neath the tempest sinks the flower,
She prostrate lay beneath his tyrant power.

Sick, and alone, 'mid strangers ! — O, the thought
Comes to the heart with threefold anguish fraught.
How can a stranger catch the gentle tone
With which a mother greets her drooping one ?
Or borrow from a sister's love-lit eye
The soothing light of blessed sympathy ?
O Love, and Home ! ye are the cordials best
To yield the weary sufferer healing rest.
They bore her to a kindly shelter, where
The sickened stranger meets unwearied care ;
And there, retired from all distracting noise,
In dreams returned again her childhood's joys.
She traced the wildwood footpaths o'er and o'er,
And crossed the threshold of her cottage door ;
Then rushed her loved ones' fond embrace to meet —

Why tell the tale? — her blessings seemed complete.
Those dreams were short — too short! She woke again,
To feel the weight of weariness and pain,
To see Hope's torch, just lit by Fancy's ray,
Blown rudely out, and darkened all her way.
She woke to hear, half-drowned with pity's sigh,
The dreadful whisper, "Maiden, thou must die!"

Stunned as by heaven's red bolt, a while she lay,
Struggling 'neath speechless, mighty agony.
Such agony as hers what words could tell?
At length her nurse, who, tenderly and well,
With kindest care, had softened every pain,
And sought the sufferer's ease and health in vain,
She beckoned to her side, and faintly said,
"I may not conquer quite this inward dread;
I cannot die! O, I have loved so well,
And still do love, I cannot say farewell
To all the cherished idols of my heart!
Mother! O mother! how can I depart
To the cold grave without beholding thee,
And all I love? O, no! it must not be!
Sweet nurse, to me some blest elixir give,
Whose power can make this sinking frame revive,
And bid disease, and pain, and languor fly;
O, give me this, — and say I shall not die!"

The last faint echoes of her voice still rung
Upon their ears, as o'er her couch they hung.

She looked imploringly, but no relief
Of earthly source could now assuage her grief; —
Her eye grew dull and fixed, and pale her brow, —
So pale — but hush ! she sings in glory now !

ALTONOCK.

How beautiful is the closing even,
When the day-god hath sunk to rest, and left
Upon the enchanted heavens a glow
So rich, so purely beautiful, that earth
Seems lapsing 'pon the land of blessedness !

'Twas thus when Altonock, Choctaw's chief,
With an eagle's pinion firmly braided
In his scattered locks, and loosely girdled
With a belt of leopard's skin, bowed with age,
Went forth from among his hapless tribe
Unto the banks of the limpid Homah,
That he might unbosom to the Great Spirit
The sore trouble that preyed upon his soul,
And implore for his distressed people
A refuge from their relentless foe,
And the spirit light, to guide on their way
His weak and faltering steps, unto that land

Where silvery lakes and lucid rivers,
Pure, and clear, and beautiful, fanned by airs
Of Eden, sleep in flowery lawns, or wind
Through dreamy meadows of airy softness,
And unfading verdure, where his fathers dwelt.
Altonock had two sons ; they fought bravely ;
They fell in blood by his side in battle.
He mourned three days, and returned to the war.
Then he had no comfort but Sunnyeye,
The child of his age. She was all his life.
Her smile was like moonbeams, her step
Like the breeze of morn upon the flower.
She played round his tent fires, and sported
With the young fawn. She was all gentleness —
Her heart was good. She was a light, beaming
In the path of Altonock — joy was his.
But a dark cloud hath passed over the star ;
The soft tendrils of the vine have been riven
From the old oak ; Sunnyeye hath gone
Away, and Altonock knows not whither.
Seven moons have waned since he left his tent,
When the sun rose, and her eyes followed him
From the hill side to the little deer lick ;
And her voice echoed from the Homah,
For him to “ stay not long from Sunnyeye.”
The sun set, and he returned from the chase,
But she came not o’er the hill to meet him.
Her voice was not on the breeze ; she was gone.

"Spirit, thy home is among the bright stars ;
Is she not there ? Bring her to Altonock,
Or take him hence."

The angel was wordless.

He cast upon the aged warrior a look
That was all of heaven ; then, turning from him,
Spread his broad pinions and clove the thin air ;
And, as he mounted the clear upper sky,
His burnished wings threw a radiance
Over the vale of night.

The moon was up ;
Her pale beam played upon the waters ;
And as the still wave crept silently on,
Unnoticed by the bowed and pensive chief,
A gentle bark came gliding down the stream.
The dip of a light oar roused the sachem
From his revery, till he straightened up
And stood in the attitude of battle ;
And as the light keel pressed upon the strand,
An angel form darted upon the shore,
And the gentle Sunnyeye was folded
In the arms of the enraptured warrior.
Escaped from the wily Cherokees, who,
From her home, had illuded her away,
She loosed the sachem's pirogue, and gliding
Upon the stream, floated down the far rounding
Of the river, to her own bayou home.

David Gilchrist

STANZAS.

O, WHY should we ever be sad,
When with pleasure all nature is beaming?
The birds and the flowerets are glad,
And the sunlight is joyously streaming.
The vale and the stream wear a smile,
The soft summer clouds gaze so brightly,
And the zephyrs laugh merrily, while
They dance through the forest boughs lightly.

Then why should we ever be sad,
When the circle is glowing with pleasure?
'Tis surely worth while to be glad,
Or nature could deem it no treasure.
This world is a beautiful world,
And our spirits should mirror its beauty;
Love's banner within us unfurled,
With ardor will cheer to our duty.

A glance from a love-lighted eye,
A smile ever placid and cheerful,
Will make every dull shadow fly
From the orbs that were saddened and tearful.

Blithe words have a magical power
To subdue in the heart care's dominion ;
Ill temper may triumph an hour,
Then conquered, she'll spread her black pinion.

'Twere pleasant, if only by name,
We mortals knew trouble and sorrow ;
But life is not always the same,
And a bright eve may bring a dark morrow.
Yet, since changes must ever betide,
And from darkness there is no protection,
We will look on the sunniest side,
And our faces will bear its reflection.

L. L.

CAN I FORGET THEE ?

CAN the sun forget his rising ?
Or the moon her silver ray ?
Can the birds forget their praising ?
Can the wheels of time delay ?
Can death forget the rending
Of hearts, with murderous hands ?
Can angels cease descending,
To accomplish God's commands ?
Then may all else forgotten be,
But, Carra, I'll forget not thee.

Should I think to breathe a prayer
For the suffering every where ?
Should I think to shed a tear
'Side a mother's lonely bier ?
Would sink my soul in sadness ?
Or swell my heart in gladness ?
Should I think to rest at even ?
Should I think of God in Heaven ?
Then cherished deep in memory,
Dear Carra, should I think of thee.

Carolus.

I LIVE TO LOVE.

"I LIVE to love," said a laughing girl,
And she playfully tossed each flaxen curl,
As she climbed on her loving father's knee,
And snatched a kiss in her childish glee.

"I live to love," said a maiden fair,
As she twined a wreath for her sister's hair ;
They were bound by the cords of love together,
And death alone could those sisters sever.

"I live to love," said a gay young bride,
Her loved one standing by her side ;
Her life told again what her lips had spoken,
And ne'er was the link of affection broken.

"I live to love," said a mother kind —
"I would live a guide to the infant mind."
Her precepts and example given,
Guided her children home to heaven.

"I shall live to love," said a fading form,
And her eye was bright, and her cheek grew warm,
As she thought in the blissful world on high
She would live to love, and never die.

And ever thus in this lower world
Should the banner of Love be wide unfurled;
And when we meet in the world above,
May we love to live, and live to love !

Effie May.

I LOVE TO LIVE.

"I love to live," said a prattling boy,
As he gayly played with his new-bought toy,
And a merry laugh went echoing forth
From a bosom filled with joyous mirth.

"I love to live," said a stripling bold —
"I will seek for fame — I will toil for gold ;"
And he formed in his leisure many a plan
To be carried out when he grew a man.

"I love to live," said a lover true —
"O gentle maid ! I would live for you ;
I have labored hard in search for fame —
I've found it but an empty name."

"I love to live," said a happy sire,
As his children neared the wintry fire ;
For his heart was cheered to see their joy,
And he almost wished himself a boy.

"I love to live," said an aged man,
Whose hour of life was well nigh ran ;
Think you such words from him were wild ?
The old man was again a child.

And ever thus, in this fallen world,
Is the banner of hope to the breeze unfurled,
And only with hope of a life on high
Can a mortal ever love to die.

Effie May.

THE BEAUTIFUL IDEAL.

THERE is an ideal song-born spirit dwelling within the inner temple of our natures. It is all-seeing, yet unseen ; wandering deep within the dark streams of life. It is the hope of our soul — the brightener of our

being, making the common waters musical ; binding with a silver thread all tempest winds ; walking like a bright night vision over this dreary earth ; showing dimly, by the soft morning light, the bright worlds above.

It — the “ Beautiful Ideal ” — stirs our soul with deep and happy thoughts, when life wears the hues of hope. When, too, the earth is wrapt in gloom, it leads us far, far within its true home, and makes us breathe the soft air, and gaze upon the golden sunlight, painted with its own beautiful colors. Through it, sparkling rivers move playfully along, catching and sporting with the bright beams above, or give back the silvery light of the mild-eyed stars, that look so lovingly upon its calm bosom ; or we wander amid the roseate urns of dawn, when the happy skylark weaves the wild meshes of his song, and hold, through the ideal of our nature, secret communion with the oread, that sinks in mist down the mountain side.

This fair, wondrous, unchanging part of our being — this inhabitant of our heart of hearts — communes with all the beings Heaven has made, finds a music in the wind “ that makes the green leaves dance,” that plays across the stream, and answers to its own pure song. It looks forth upon the stars of evening, and finds a secret sympathy — a holy feeling — answer there. It needs not words or language. It goes forth, and mingles with its kindred essences of purity and

hope. O, this "Beautiful Ideal" within us it is that stirs within the desire to be noble — to search for wisdom's fount — to commune with the skies. It wakes the wish to be better than we are — it gives to us the glorious shapes of heaven — the yearnings to soar beyond our mortal state.

O, there is a truth in the fictions of the unseen world! There are bright lingerers by the forest and stream! There are winged essences of life that look forth from the soft stars — that tremble in the sweet flowers — mingling, in thought, with the deeply beautiful of our souls. It is the moonlight track upon the waters of our youth; the whispers, by which the ideal speaks to its sympathetic ideal; the secret and unaccountable affinity, by which the *beautiful of our nature* is drawn to the *beautiful of another nature*, and with it holds pure and lofty communings. This *something*, that unites the children of earth to the spirits of a finer race — this lofty aspiration, that desires the bright, the far, the unattained — this *something*, that makes life *sunny golden*, and gilds our path with joy — this mysterious, yet "Beautiful Ideal," is the *love of the soul*.

"*Luc.*"

TOO EARLY LOST.

Too lovely and too early lost !
My memory clings to thee,
For thou wast once my guiding star
Amid the treacherous sea ;
But doubly cold and cheerless now,
The wave too dark before,
Since every beacon-light is quenched
Along the midnight shore.

I saw thee first, when hope arose
On youth's triumphant wing,
And thou wast lovelier than the light
Of early dawning spring.
Who then could dream, that health and joy
Would e'er desert the brow,
So bright with varying lustre once,
So chill and changeless now ?

That brow ! how proudly o'er it then
Thy kingly beauty hung,
When wit, or eloquence, or mirth,
Came burning from the tongue !
Or when upon that glowing cheek
The kindling smile was spread,

Or tears, to thine own woes denied,
For others' griefs were shed !

Thy mind, it ever was the home
Of high and holy thought ;
Thy life, an emblem of pure thoughts,
Thy pure example taught ;
When blended in thine eye of light,
As from a royal throne,
Kindness, and peace, and virtue, there
In mingled radiance shone.

One evening, when the autumn dew
Upon the hills was shed,
And Hesperus, far down the west,
His starry host had led,
Thou saidst, how sadly and how soft,
To that prophetic eye,
Visions of darkness and decline
And early death were nigh.

It was a voice from other worlds,
Which none beside might hear,
Like the night breeze's plaintive lyre,
Breathed faintly on the ear ;
It was the warning kindly given,
When blessed spirits come
From their bright paradise above,
To call a sister home.

How sadly on my spirit then
That fatal warning fell !
But O, the dark reality
Another voice may tell ;
The quick decline — the parting sigh —
The slowly moving bier —
The lifted sod — the sculptured stone —
The unavailing tear.

The amaranth flowers, that bloom in heaven,
Entwine thy temples now ;
The crown that shines immortally
Is beaming on thy brow ;
The seraphs round the burning throne
Have borne thee to thy rest,
To dwell among the saints on high,
Companions of the blest.

The sun hath set in folded clouds,
Its twilight rays are gone,
And gathered in the shades of night,
The storm is rolling on.
Alas ! how ill that bursting storm
The fainting spirit braves,
When they, the lovely and the lost,
Are gone to early graves !

O. W. B. Peabody.

PASSING AWAY.

THE beautiful, fair, and the lovely of earth,
Are fading fore'er from the hour of their birth ;
The dew-drops of morning, the sun's parting ray,
Are fading, fast fading, and passing away.
The roses of summer, whose breath fills the gale,
Who send forth their odors from hill-side and vale,
Look at eve to the skies, and in sighs seem to say,
"Bathe our petals in tears — we are passing away."
The sunny stream laughs in the pure light of morn,
But onward, still onward, its waters are borne ;
Its sparkling is transient — its waves may not stay ;
To the depths of the ocean it passeth away.
Yet what is the streamlet, the rose-bud, and dew,
To the cheek that is flushing with youth's crimson hue —
To the eye that is kindling with hope and delight,
As it turns to the future, all splendid and bright ?
Alas ! for the visions and dreams of our youth,
When shadows seem substance, and friendship seems
truth ;
Like the sere leaves of autumn, the last beam of day,
They fade into darkness — they all pass away.
Yes, *passing away* is the watchword of time ;
Earth's bright ones are destined to fade in their prime,

In life's verdant spring, to lie down in the tomb,
 And shroud in death's mantle their beauty and bloom
 And e'en the wide earth, with her valleys and rills,
 Her firmly set mountains, and unshaken hills,
 Is marked for destruction — is doomed for decay ;
 On her brow is engraven, "Fast passing away."

M. A. Dodge

PRESS ON.

What seest thou here? what mark'st? A battle-field,
 Two banners spread, two dreadful fronts of war,
 In shock of opposition fierce engaged.
 Here error fought
 With truth, with darkness light, and life with death ;
 the strife was for eternity,
 The victory was never-ending bliss,
 The badge, a chaplet from the tree of life.

Course of Time

WHEN weary with the march of life,
 And yearned my soul for rest,
 Some unseen spirit whispered me,
 "Press on — wouldst thou be blessed.

"Ay, press thou onward in the strife,
 Nor yield to adverse fate ;

The future is with blessings rife,
To those who toil and wait.

"When darksome hours their shadows cast
O'er all thy toilsome way,
Remember, in thine agony,
'Tis darkest just ere day.

"If fortune's sky o'erclouded be,
And sun illume it not,
Still labor on, right manfully, —
In heaven thou'rt not forgot.

"Then move thou on, to 'do and dare,'
Nor yield to sordid might;
And where the fiercest struggles are,
There battle for the right ;

"And ne'er the battle strife give o'er,
Nor strike thy banner down,
Till thy brave heart can do no more —
Then seek, in heaven, thy crown."

KINDNESS.

Who has power should have a kindly heart, for so will he win friends. The king should smile upon his lowliest subject; for doth not the King of kings care even for the little sparrow? Kindness is the "open sesame" to almost every heart. Ay, kindness. Man may frown, and vassals will shrink with terror — will yield up their lives, and pour out their very hearts' blood at his command; but when the hour of trial comes, when he shall drink deep — deep even to the very dregs the bitter cup of woe, and the heart seems crushed 'neath its weight of sorrow — then there will be no eye to pity, no hand to save. Even with the measure he gave, so shall it be meted out to him.

People talk of woman's influence; that she can sway the proudest heart, can bend the stubborn will, — and why? She has not that depth of intellect, that comprehension of human nature, that enables man "to lord it o'er his fellow-man." She has not an arm whose strength o'erpowers, nor a love of danger that braves, the opposing obstacle; but she is strong in the might of her *woman's* nature, and kindness is her sceptre. A true woman will pity — not censure error;

and who stoops to pity, *must* learn to love, for kindness is a bright stream from that fountain, gushing warm and pure in the secret chambers of the heart, where its sparkling play has wreathed many a sad one's life in beaming smiles.

"Love is the silken cord that binds
Those happy souls above,
And if in heaven a place we'd find,
We must be formed for love."

Not man alone, but every thing in nature, owns its sway. I knew a little flower that sprang up amid the weeds and brambles of a long-neglected garden. But soon drooped its slender stem, and its leaves grew tinged from the waste around. I took it to my home, supported its drooping stem, and placed it where the warm sunshine and refreshing showers cheered its little life. Again it raised its beautiful head, and its delicate buds burst forth in sweetest gladness; and when the winds of autumn came, the dying flower gave up to me its golden seeds — a thankful tribute for my love. 'Twas a little thing, but kindness did the deed.

There came to my casement, one winter's morn, a shivering, starving bird, and perched it there, striving to tell its tale of suffering; but feeble were its plaintive notes, and its glossy breast was ruffled in the blast. I raised the window. Affrighted, the little

wanderer spread its wings as if to soar away; but, weak and faint, it sank fluttering in my outstretched hands. I drew it in. Alarmed, it darted round and round the room, and beat against the frosted pane. O cruelty, thou hast taught even the little birds to doubt! When the sweet stranger grew less timid, I gave him clear water, and tempting food, and so for many weeks we dwelt together; but when came the first warm, sunny day, I opened my doors, and he flew away, away up, up into the dark blue heaven, till he was lost to my eager gaze. But not an hour had passed, ere I heard the flutter of his tiny wings, and saw, without, his little breast glittering in the golden sunbeams. A joyous life was his. No wired cage restrained his restless wing; but free as the summer cloud would he come each day, and gladly would my delighted soul drink in the silvery notes of his gladdening melody.

And it is not birds and flowers alone, that, treated with kindness, flourish so brightly 'neath its heaven-born rays. Individuals, families, nations, attest its truth. *Legal suasion* may frighten to compliance, but *moral suasion* rules the will. To the erring wanderer, in the by and forbidden paths of sin, with a heart paled in darkness, and lost to every better feeling of his nature, one little word, one little act of kindness, however slight, will find a sunny resting-place in that sinful shade, and prove a light to guide the wayward

one to holier and better deeds. The lion licked the hand that drew the thorn from his wounded foot, and Powhatan stayed the descending club, when the burning lips of the Indian girl pressed his dusky brow.

And it is ever thus. There beats not a heart, however debased by sin, or darkened by sorrow, that has not its noblest impulses aroused, in view of a generous and kindly action. The Holy Father implanted his own pure principles in the breast of every one, and widely do we deviate from their just dictates, when an unkind word, or an unkind act, wounds a broken heart, or crushes a loving, gentle nature.

Then, —

“Speak not harshly — much of care
Every human heart must bear ;
Enough of shadows rudely play.
Around the very summit way ;
Enough of sorrows darkly lie
Veiled within the merriest eye.
By thy childhood’s gushing tears,
By thy grief in after years,
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another’s woe.

“Speak not harshly — much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within ;
In its closely caverned cells,
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By the many hours mispent,
By the gifts to error lent,

By the wrongs thou didst not shun,
By the good thou hast not done,
With a lenient spirit scan
The weakness of thy brother man."

Kate Clarence, (Manchester.

MAY DAY ON ROCK RAYMOND.

It was the gala morning of the spring,
When young, exultant hearts forsake their homes
To wander forth among the woods and flowers.
It was a pleasant morn. The night winds slept,
And many gladsome eyes had early op'd
To catch the auspicious omens of the day.

Upon the rock-crowned steep that rises in
The distant wild, o'erspread with mossy turf
And *pitchy* pines, sat there an aged crow,
Lone and weary with the vigils of the night.
No sound alarmed, no daring step disturbed
The quiet of his rest. The day advanced.
Anon, the chime of bells is distant heard,
And sounds of merry voices come ringing up
The shady glen. Again the sound — again —
The crow is winging swift wide o'er the plain.

At once, emerging from the forest glade,
A gallant band have wound the rocky steep,
And shout in triumph from its topmost crag.
"Enchanting!" bursts from every lip. Above,
The clouds dissolve in amber light; around,
The air is laden with the gentle breath
Of southern climes; and the sun, new risen,
Casts its golden light high up the crystal
Tower of morn. Delectable the scene!
The right outlines the mountain summit bold;
The left, the sloping hills and browsing plains;
The river, winding o'er the woodland vales,
The city near, and village just in view; —
Below, where lead the bending forest paths,
Gay troops of cavaliers are prancing near,
Or "mounting in hot haste" the rugged cliff,
Now swarming o'er with ripening loveliness,
And echoing far with *warbling* minstrelsy.

To *paint* that flock of rosy, romping girls,
And manly boys — to note the fresh-culled flowers,
Each changing glance, and tinging cheek that marked
That GAL-A *scene* — a bolder pen might dare.

An hour swift-winged has passed. No longer comes
The laughing shout, or choral song; no more
The sight of tresses "waving in the morn."
Alas! that joyous-hearted band have gone.

s.

FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND.

FAREWELL to New England, the land of my birth,
To the home of my father, the hall, and the hearth ;
To the beings beloved, who have gladdened with light
Life's perilous path — be their own ever bright

And O, when the exile is present in thought,
Be the fond recollection with happiness fraught ;
Remember — remember — but not to deplore,
Remember in smiles, or remember no more !

I go to the land of the myrtle and vine,
Where beauty is wreathing the pillar and shrine ;
Where fairy-like feet are repelling the sod,
And the incense of nature is breathing to God.

My grave will be made where the winter is not,
And the sun of the south may illumine the spot ;
Will gild and will gladden the place of my rest,
Imparting in death what in life I loved best.

That smile all unclouded when others are frown,
Bright beautiful nature ! that smile is thine own !
A glory above all the glories of earth,
The glory that woke when the morning had birth !

Mrs. S. R. A. Barnes.

SPEAK KINDLY.

"All cannot be greatest, but all can be kind."

"Speak kindly to thy fellow-man,
Lest he should die while yet
Thy bitter accents wring his heart
And make his pale cheek wet."

SPEAK kindly to thy brother man, for he has many cares thou dost not know; many sorrows thine eye has not seen; and grief may be gnawing at his heart-strings, which ere long will snap them asunder. O, speak kindly to him. Perhaps a word from thee will kindle the light of joy in his o'ershadowed heart, and make his pathway pleasant to the tomb. Speak kindly to thy brother man, even though sin has marred the spirit's beauty, and turned to discord the once perfect harmony of his being. Harshness can never reclaim him — kindness will. Far down, beneath all his depravity, there lingers still a spark of the spirit's loveliness, that one word from thee may kindle to a flame; may eventually purify the whole man, and make him, what he was designed to be, the true image of his God. Then speak kindly, act kindly to all, and ask

not whom thou servest. Enough for thee to know
that he belongs to the common brotherhood, and needs
thy sympathy.

Josephine L. Baker.

STANZAS.

THOU sayest the world is cold and false ;
I know not if it be ;
With its beaming faces and loving hearts,
'Tis a world of light to me.
Joy glideth into my silent heart,
Far down in its fathomless sea ;
O, the angel of life wears a smile of light,
When he poureth the cup for me.

There are times, indeed, when I feel the chain,
When my heart leapeth wild and free ;
And fain, in thy gorgeous rainbow land,
Would my spirit dwell with thee ;
When chainless thoughts like a storm sweep on,
And my soul like a reed doth bow,
And the world to the struggling, imprisoned heart
Seemeth all too narrow now.

Then a gentle hand is laid on mine,
And I cannot choose but bless
The love-lighted eyes, uplift to me,
With such melting tenderness.
Then I smooth the close-curved locks away,
And I kiss the open brow —
O, the world of dreams is not so fair
As the bright earth to me now.

Then speak no more of the cold, dark earth;
'Tis the home where love doth dwell;
And with its glad faces, and voices kind,
O, my heart doth love it well.
And by the great Father of light I love,
Doubt not it shall be forgiven,
If thanks for the fair, all-glorious earth
Ascend with the prayer for heaven.

"Ione," (Plymouth.)

ARISTOCRACY.

LET me give it an off-hand blow here. Hateful, heartless aristocracy! I detest it above all things. I was subjected to its bloated frown when I was a boy, and I have a very early, if not a native, inborn abhorrence of it. It has no idea you have any rights, or any

feelings. You do not belong to the same race with your paltry, uppish aristocrat. He does not associate with you when you are with him. He makes use of you. He does not recognize you as a party in interest in what is going on. You are no more a companion to him, than his horse or his dog; and you are no more than a dog or a horse, if you condescend to be of his association. He belongs to the *first families*—first in idleness, first in indulgence, first in the scorn of humanity. Sometimes you will find it *happening* amid the ranks of reform. It is when it is eccentric and ill balanced, that it strays in there. It will keep its eccentricity, but not part with its haughtiness. One day or other it will break out. King Richard could carouse and fight by the side of Robin Hood and the outlaws of Sherwood Forest; but every now and then, outlawed freedom would tread on the toe of majesty, and regality would show its teeth and claws. Richard was an *odd* king, and went among the brave outlaws, and fought on foot among them. But when outlawry took the liberty to speak to him, on even terms of fellow-soldiership, it roused the Lion in him, and he roared and shook his mane. Aristocracy has none of the lion in it, but it *feels bigger* than a whole den of lions. You must beware of it. You can't live with it. It regards every thing allowed you as an allowance—a favor. You have no rights. If you receive any thing, you must do homage for it.

Now I like refinement, and dislike coarseness and grossness. I am disgusted at *dirtiness* of spirit, but I abominate uppishness. I like washed hands, but not those "dainty fingers;" cleanliness and elegance, to any extent, and the refined and delicate taste. These are often united with yeomanly nature, with freedom from all superciliousness and self-worship, and I love them. But this aristocracy I will not tolerate or endure. I have not the slightest respect for it. I will not treat it courteously even. I will not treat it at all. I will not have it about. Out of the way with it, and out of the world.

It comes by birth, it comes by money, it comes of idleness even. It is engendered by trade and by office. Old wealth, however, breeds it the most offensively—a generation or two of homage paid by poverty to bloated opulence, will breed it *the worst kind*. It will turn up the nose of the third or fourth generation, along—so that it can hardly smell common folks, as they go on the ground. You can tell its nose and upper lip as far as you can see them. And there is a *dumpsy daisy* look about the eyes and eyebrows, as much as to say, "I care considerably less than nothing about *yeh*." And the voice, too, it is amazing peculiar.

Now, any body may be as well born as they have a mind to. My father was a gentleman, as they call it, and a scholar,—a good deal of a scholar. And he was educated; was of Harvard College—not poor

New Hampshire Dartmouth—Harvard College, of Massachusetts. And he was of the learned profession, and his father was a learned divine, and his grandfather, and great-grandfather, and I don't know how far back. One of them, not far back, was president of Harvard College; and back farther yet, one was burnt at the stake. I am well descended enough, for 's I know, but somehow it never made me despise any body. I never could help seeing equal humanity in every living creature, however poor and forlorn, and my father did before me. Perhaps, if he had been an aristocrat, I should have been one. But he had too much sense — too much real character and manhood. I am half inclined to think I have; — that is, I haven't a vein or an iota of uppish blood in me, and it must be owing to *something*. I haven't any superfluity of sense — but — too much to be an aristocrat. Finally, it doesn't take much to be an aristocrat. I guess aristocracy is a *lack of sense* as much as any thing. Sense of a certain sort may accompany it, or be in the same creature; but it is a senseless concern, and, moreover, superlatively hateful.

N. P. Rogers.

MY SPIRIT HOME.

I AM alone — no one is near —
The daylight hours are past,
And, with her sable curtain, Night
Is shrouding nature fast ;
And spirit forms around me move ;
Their whispers speak them near :
They call me, — glad would I obey, —
“O come, thy home's not here.”

Sweet visions now of other days,
When friends and hopes were mine,
And youthful fancy painted bright
The schemes of after time ;
Then flowers above my pathway grew —
Those flowers, now dead and sere,
To me with warning voices speak,
“Thy home, it is not here.”

The twilight's past, its spirits fled,
And darkness wraps the whole ;
But deeper gloom than that of night
Is wrapped around my soul.

The voices of departed joys,
Now fall on memory's ear,
United all — one voice they speak
"Thy spirit's home's not here."

The stars that gem the sparkling d
They whisper peace to me,
And tell me that I have a home
Beyond life's darkened sea;
And though on earth no friends I
Yet kindred souls there are
In that bright world, far, far away
"My spirit's home is there."

O spirits of departed friends! —
Too good — too pure to die —
Come down upon the moon's pale
And hover round me nigh.
How soft and sweet their voices ri
Upon the evening air!
Their music seems the notes of he
"My spirit's home is there."

N. Wrig



Engraved by C. R. Richardson.

Painted by J. M. W. Turner.

THE VALLEY I LOVE.

THERE'S a spot that I love, in a bright sunny vale,
Where whole hours I've listened the song
Of the redbreast and thrush, as the soft, balmy gale,
Bore the notes of their chanting along.

On a green, mossy bank, 'neath a huge spreading tree,
In the deep heat of noon I have lain,
And watched the light shadows, so sportive and free,
Chase each spirit-like form o'er the plain.

I've sat 'neath the shade with the poets of old,
And drank from Castalia's pure fount,
And gathered, as they their bright thoughts would
unfold,
Rich gems from Parnassus' high mount.

I've sat there 'till eve drew her beautiful veil
O'er the radiant face of the day ;
When the moon from her chamber came forth ghostly
pale,
And majestically passed on her way.

I've watched the bright stars, as they coyly would peep
Through the thick waving leaves of the tree,

And thought I were blest, if at last I might sleep
With such watchful eyes guarding o'er me.

A sweet, quiet cot in that vale might be seen,
Around whose low, moss-covered eaves,
The young twining woodbine, so tender and green,
Spreads out its rich covering of leaves.

That green sunny vale will be dear to my heart,
Though wide over earth I may roam,
And that low, quiet cot, with its vine-covered walls
I shall ever remember as *Home*.

Hannah M. Bryant, (Manchester

A FLOWER.

[THOUGHTS suggested by the discovery of a flower found in one of the Western States, in the heart of a rock. When found, it was fresh and beautiful. No one has ever been seen like it, as a native, or exotic.]

Beautiful relic of a distant time,
We gaze entranced on thee,
And thoughts unbidden are clustering close,
For fancy will be free.

METEOR-LIKE thou'st flashed across our path,
Blazing with wonder. Startled amazement

Fills our souls ; and whence came ye ? trembles on
Every lip. How long in this thy granite casket
Hast thou hid a living, fragrant jewel,
Breathing in beauty ? What tale canst thou tell
Of other days ? — and among all thy sister flowers
Wast thou acknowledged queen ? Hast
Thou come to rival our blushing beauty, while the
Damask deepens on its cheek as we award to
Thee the admiration ever before heaped
Upon it ? Is this thy mission, to show
Erring mortals earth's fairest flower ?

Perhaps thou bloomed in Paradise, ere man's
Sin had marred its loveliness ; and perchance,
Plucked, thou fell from the hands of perfect Eve,
And lodged in thy rude enclosure, which time,
Sealing, kept as a memento of earth's
Primeval beauty. Thy birthplace, purity —
Nurtured in innocence, art thou indeed
A plant of Eden ? Did thy bud expand,
Thy leaves unfold, cultured and reared by
Sinless hands ? — inhaling an atmosphere
Impregnate with holiness, and watered
With celestial dews, didst bloom a
Perfect flower ? Hast thou lived the wreck of
Ages, and come to man the only remnant
Of paradisiacal purity ? Six
Thousand years hast thou slept in thy hardened

Bed, and now, by man's rude hands, art thou
Startled from thy stupor? How changed
Earth's aspect! And as horror-struck thou op'st
Thine eyes 'neath sin's domain, no wonder thou
Shrinkest with terror, thy leaves quiver,
And thy shrivelled form, gasping, sleeps
Once again, *earth's last, long, darkened sleep.*

"H.," (*Manchester*)

THE REVERIE.

ONE day, just after dinner,
In the autumn of the year,
When the trees were getting thinner
Of their withered leaves and sere —
With my head upon my hand,
In a drowsy sort of way,
I nearly lost me in that land
Where dreams elysian play.

Then from out this soul of mine,
Came trooping all together,

The memories of olden time,
Like giants of a nurs'ry rhyme.
In seven-leagued sole leather.

As I nodded there, and slept
Like an alderman in church,
A funny vision o'er me crept,
Of an urchin and his birch.
With this birchen-beaten urchin,
Somehow came into my thought,
Low-roofed and red, some ancient walls,
Where my luckless brains were taught.

I remembered, too, quite well,
The spot just where I caught it, —
The time that fatal ferule fell, —
The fell misdeed that brought it.
Rare old times were those, I ween,
Many times in noontide hours,
When schoolboy king and rustic queen
Wreathed their crowns of summer flowers.

Now the sighing, whispering breeze,
Stealing through my open door,
Like gales from Valambrosian trees,
All my chamber scented o'er,
And my slowly opening eyes
Unto my window turning,

From off the turf there seemed to rise
A cloud like incense burning ;
Then a faint, uncertain light,
As of nebulae afar,
In this cloud moves to and fro,
Like the spirit of a star.

And then ! — and then ! O, bless me !
In the midst of my surprise,
With an involuntary *ah* !
I could scarce believe my eyes,
But it *was* a *strong cigar* !
Inglorious I awoke,
To find my dreams all end in smoke.

O/y.

THE IDEAL OF A TRUE LIFE.

THERE is, even on this side the grave, a haven where the storms of life break not, or are felt but in gentle undulations of the unrippled and mirroring waters — an oasis, not *in* the desert, but beyond it — a rest, profound and blissful as that of the soldier returned forever from the dangers, the hardships, and turmoil of war, to the bosom of that dear domestic circle, whose

blessings he never prized at half their worth till he lost them.

This haven, this oasis, this rest, is a serene and hale old age. The tired traveller has abandoned the dusty, crowded, and jostling highway of life, for one of its shadiest and least noted by-lanes. The din of traffic and of worldly strife has no longer magic for his ear — the myriad footfall on the city's stony walks is but noise or nothing to him now. He has run his race of toil, or trade, or ambition. His day's work is accomplished, and he has come home to enjoy, tranquil and unharrassed, the splendor of the sunset, the milder glories of late evening. Ask not whether he has or has not been successful, according to the vulgar standard of success. What matters it now whether the multitude has dragged his chariot, rending the air with idolizing acclamations, or howled like wolves on his track, as he fled by night from the fury of those he had wasted his vigor to serve? What avails it that broad lands have rewarded his toil, or that all has, at the last moment, been stricken from his grasp? Ask not whether he brings into retirement the wealth of the Indies or the poverty of a bankrupt — whether his couch be of down or rushes — his dwelling a hut or a mansion. He has lived to little purpose indeed, if he has not long since realized that wealth and renown are not the true ends of exertion, nor their absence the conclusive proof of ill-fortune. Whoever seeks to

know if his career has been prosperous and brightening from its outset to its close — if the evening of his days shall be genial and blissful — should ask not for broad acres, or towering edifices, or laden coffers. Perverted old age may grasp these with the unyielding clutch of insanity; but they add to his cares and anxieties, not to his enjoyments. Ask rather, "Has he mastered and harmonized his erring passions?" "Has he lived a true life?"

A true life! Of how many lives does each hour knell the conclusion, and how few of them are true ones! The poor child of shame, and sin, and crime, who terminates her earthly being in the clouded morning of her scarce budded, yet blighted existence — the desperate felon, whose blood is shed by the community, as the dread penalty of its violated law — the miserable debauchee, who totters down to his loathsome grave in the springtime of his years, but the fulness of his festering iniquities — these, the world valiantly affirms, have not lived true lives! Fearless and righteous world! how profound, how discriminating are thy judgments! But the base idolater of self, who devotes all his moments, his energies, his thoughts, to schemes which begin and end in personal advantage — the grasper of gold, and lands, and tenements — the devotee of pleasure — the man of ignoble and sinister ambition — the woman of frivolity, extravagance, and fashion — the idler, the gambler, the voluptuary — on

all these and their myriad compeers, while borne on the crest of the advancing billow, how gentle is the reproof, how charitable the judgment of the world ! Nay, is not even our dead Christianity, which picks its way so daintily, cautiously, and inoffensively, through the midst of slave-holding, and drunkard-making, and national faith-breaking, which regards with gentle rebuke, and is regarded with amiable toleration by some of the foremost vices of the times, — is it not too often oblivious of its paramount duty to teach men how to live worthily and nobly ? Are there not thousands to whom its inculcations, so far as duties to man are concerned, are substantially negative in their character ? who are fortified by its teachings, in the belief that to do good is a casualty, and not a frame of being — who are taught by it to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, when they thrust themselves upon the charity of portly affluence, but as an irksome duty, for which they should be rewarded, rather than a blessed privilege, for which they should be profoundly grateful ? Of the millions now weekly listening to the ministrations of the Christian pulpit, how many are clearly, vividly impressed with the great truth, that each, in his own sphere, should live for mankind, as Christ did, for the redemption, instruction, and exaltation of the race, and that the power to do this in his proper sphere abides equally with the humblest as the highest ? How many centuries more will be required

to teach even the religious world, so called, the full meaning of the term CHRISTIAN ?

A true life must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandizement, is the natural result of the predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation. It is vice alone that seems unaccountable — monstrous — well nigh miraculous. Purity is felt to be as necessary to the mind as health to the body, and its absence alike the inevitable source of pain.

A true life must be calm. A life imperfectly directed is made wretched through distraction. We give up our youth to excitement, and wonder that a decrepit old age steals upon us so soon. We wear out our energies in strife for gold or fame, and then wonder alike at the cost and the worthlessness of the meed. "Is not the life more than meat?" Ay, truly! but how few have practically, consistently, so regarded it? And little as it is regarded by the imperfectly virtuous, how much less by the vicious and the worldling! What a chaos of struggling emotions is exhibited by the lives of the multitude! How like to the wars of the infuriated animalculæ in a magnified drop

of water, is the strife constantly waged in each little mind? How Sloth is jostled by Gluttony, and Pride wrestled with by Avarice, and Ostentation bearded by Meanness! The soul which is not large enough for the indwelling of one virtue, affords lodgment, and scope, and arena for a hundred vices. But their warfare cannot be indulged with impunity. Agitation and wretchedness are the inevitable consequences, in the midst of which the flame of life burns flaringly and swiftly to its close.

A true life must be genial and joyous. Tell me not, pale anchorite, of your ceaseless vigils, your fastings, your scourgings. These are fit offerings to Moloch, not to Our Father. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen, may be very sure he has chosen amiss, or is self-deceived. But not merely happier, — he should be kinder, gentler, and more elastic in spirits, as well as firmer and truer. "I love God and little children," says a German poet. The good are ever attracted and made happier by the presence of the innocent and lovely; and he who finds his religion averse to, or a restraint upon, the truly innocent pleasures and gayeties of life, so that the latter do not interfere with, and jar upon, its sublimer objects, may well doubt whether he has indeed "learned of Jesus."

Horace Greeley.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

NATURE is full of poetry ;
'Tis breathing every where ;
It speaketh from the far, blue sea,
From the mild and summer air.

Its voice is heard among the stars,
In the hushed midnight sky,
And in the wildly moaning blast,
When the tempest rushes by.

It floateth on the zephyr's wing,
Around the lonely tomb ;
It springeth forth all joyously
Amid the spring flowers' bloom.

It rests among the twilight clouds,
And hallows that calm hour ;
It broodeth o'er the haunts of men,
With soft, entrancing power.

It mingles in the child's pure thought,
And in the youth's bright dreams ;
It tinges all earth's loveliest things
With heaven's own radiant beams.

Spirit of Song ! we hail thy might,
Pervading all our earth ;
For thou dost teach us that the soul
Is of immortal birth.

“ Clara,” (*New Hampton.*)

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

’Tis autumn ; and the stricken leaves
Are falling from the mournful trees ;
Yet as the swan her sweetest notes
Trills forth as unto death she floats,
Or as the dolphin’s dying throes
A thousand watery tints disclose,
So with the trees, e’er yet they cast
Their summer raiment to the blast.
Lest man should tire of endless green,
They summon forth all nature’s powers,
Vying to grace the changing scene,
To reign the belle a few short hours.
Thus ’tis with all on earth below ;
Our sweets but come at close of day ;
They come, and then as quickly go ;
They go when most we wish their stay.

In gorgeous hues the forests dress,
Then smiling seek the sun's caress ;
He, like a youth in manhood's pride,
Gazing upon his blushing bride,
Smiles brightly from the ether blue,
And every beauty charms anew.
The winds withdraw, no cloud is seen,
The Indian Summer reigns supreme !
'Tis passing sweet — the loveliest time
Of all the year. It seems to me
I would not change our varied clime
For sunniest lands beyond the sea.
What though 'tis changeful? Every change
Shows paths of beauty still untrod,
Through which the tireless mind may range,
And bless its freedom — bless its God.

M. J.

OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

GIGANTIC size, unfallen still that crest !
Primeval dweller where the wild winds rest !
Beyond the ken of mortal e'er to tell
What power sustains thee in thy rock-bound cell
Or if, when erst creation vast began,
And loud the universal fiat ran,

here be light!" — from chaos dark set free,
e, a monument of Deity!

from yon cloud-crowned height thou peerest
forth

ignificance, that peoples earth —
ng oft the bitter drug which turns
ind to meditate on what it learns.

passionless, no *soul* those looks betray,
h kindred rocks, to sport at mortal clay —
o the chisel of the sculptor's art,
round the head, but come not to the heart."

who can fathom thee? Ambitious man,
trained falcon in the Gallic van,
l and led, can never reach to thee
'en the strength of weakness — vanity!

as thou art, and paralleled by none,
ed by all, still art thou drear and lone!
oon looks down upon thine exiled height;
ars, so mildly, spiritually bright,

ags of morning gladly flit away,
: with their more genial, mighty ray;
hite waves kiss the murmuring rill;
y deep silence is unbroken still.

Mrs. Mary M. Glover, (Sanbornton.)

ORILLA.

Yes, thou art bright and beautiful,
Though but of lowly birth ;
Thou takest, with all joyous things,
Thy place upon the earth ;
Thy voice is song, thy step a dance,
Thy childish tasks but play ;
Thou sportest with the birds and lambs,
As innocent as they.

But in the future let us look,
For that which thou may'st hope ;
It little needs divining skill,
Or cast of horoscope ;
Thy simple garb bespeaks a life
Of ill-requited toil ;
Thy fate has linked thee to a band
Who ceaseless delve and toil.

Thy glowing cheek, thy brow so full,
Thy softly brilliant eye,
Tell me how deeply thou must share
Our woman's destiny ;

Thou'lt love and grieve, but still through all
Thou'lt haplessly live on,
And learn how life will linger still,
When all its joys are gone.

Yes, woman's task — a peasant's wife ,
I there before thee see,
To be in some rude hut the drudge,
Some clown's *divinity* ;
To rise at morn with early sun,
With dew, and opening flowers,
But only strive to break thy fast
In all those glorious hours.

Thy southern sun his radiant warmth
Above thy cot shall shed,
And thou'lt rejoice, because thy fire
Need not so oft be fed ;
Thy clear, bright moon, her gentler rays
At night shall o'er thee throw ;
Thou'lt bless it as thine only lamp,
When to thy rest thou'lt go.

And yet, of all that's high and pure,
Thou shalt not be divest,
For still shall beat a woman's heart
Warmly within thy breast,

Deeming it not unworthy lot
To live for others' weal,
For others' sakes to sacrifice,
To suffer, and to feel ; —

To know that through thy toil and care,
Thy strength, though weak it be,
Has been support and cheer to him
Who guides thy destiny ;
That still, though poor and rude, thou hast
A share in many a heart ;
That peasant mourners o'er thy grave
Will weep when thou depart.

Miss H. Farley.

FACTORY LIFE.

VARIOUS opinions are entertained in relation to the influence of factory life. Some extol it, while others speak all manner of evil against it. But, if the advantages and disadvantages, the lights and the shades, were clearly set forth, it would appear that these factories are neither Paradise nor Pandemonium. The picture may be overwrought, or otherwise.

A manufacturing population is as free, as independent, and as pure as any class under the sun. But it

is not pretended that they are exempt from the evils incident to other classes of labor. The mind and character is moulded and fashioned, to a great extent, by the circumstances which surround them. It is modified by the kind of employment pursued, by the facilities for performing labor, by manners, customs, by a limited or free exercise of the intellect, and the enjoyments of liberty.

This is illustrated in the various studies and pursuits of life. The study of mathematics is excellent as discipline for the mind, and as engendering a precise and accurate mode of thinking and reasoning. Some kinds of employment require great accuracy of thought and attention, while the occupation itself, in turn, reflects back upon the mind its own proper influence.

The farmer, in turning the furrows in his field, or repairing his plough, does not exercise the critical acumen and skill of the machinist in fitting the complicated parts of his labor, or the watchmaker in adjusting the intricate movements of the watch. But this is no disparagement to the farmer. He may drink in the richest influences from the wavy plain and glassy lake; from the purling brooks and pine-clad mountain; from the sports of the woods and the music of birds — all tending to inspire the mind with cheerfulness, and with love to the Maker of the glorious works. Such scenes and such enjoyments are not habitually permitted to the denizens of the shop and

mill. 'Tis a defect, indeed, and must be otherwise supplied.

But the intellect and the feelings have not alone to do in the matter. Those who are compelled to do any kind of work against their will, are apt to become fretful and discontented. Those, too, who are domineered over and driven, as in the case of factory operatives in England, and hope for nothing better, exercise but little discernment or self-control. Managers and guardians should look to this. If they would have respectful and trusty persons about them, they must show them respect, and let them perceive that they have confidence in their talents and integrity.

Locality and climate also produce their effects. The dweller under an Italian sky, while he gazes on the clear, deep vault above him, and beholds its surpassing beauty, catches no small degree of that poetic ardor that breathes forth in the spirit and heart of their people; for who can "bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

Convenient tools, implements, and machinery, tending to facilitate the performance of labor; fashions, manners, customs, and architectural display, all, likewise, have their peculiar and appropriate influence. What pleasing emotions are inspired in the mind, on beholding, at a sufficient distance for the mind to take in the full idea, some grand and beautiful temple, massive and proportionate, all its parts perfectly bal-

anced and harmonized, sitting upon the earth "like a thing of life," with an air of sublime and majestic repose !

What has been said of inanimate, may also be said of living, forms of beauty. Who does not feel peculiar and delightful sensations stirred within him, when beholding some beauteous specimen of angelic humanity—a creature whom God himself hath made, young and fair, whose form is love, whose gaze is feeling, and whose every appearance warrants the belief that she would prove a successful rival even for the Medician Venus—the curved lines of whose fine limbs flow into each other in a continuous sinuosity of sweetness, exhibiting at once matchless symmetry and proportion, and with a countenance radiant with affection and innocent voluptuousness,

"Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love" ?

Who, unless they be frigid indeed, are not moved within by the magic power of human beauty ?

And now, if locality and climate ; if the beautiful in nature and art ; if manners, customs, and fashions, all have their influence upon character, for good or for evil ; if the pursuit of certain sciences have a tendency to induce exactness in mind, may it not be fairly inferred, that those employed in machine shops and

factories experience the same discipline in a like tendency and degree? And in support of this, it may be observed, that when persons, both male and female, coming from the country to work in the factory — some of them remarkable for nothing, perhaps, so much as their loose and slovenly method of performing their labor — after remaining in the mill a few years, have become the very reverse; and, on returning to their homes, have carried with them, into their households, and to their farms, the systematic method of doing business generated by factory life.

E. B. M., (Manchester.)

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

THE summer's sun is setting,
And to-morrow's early light
Will bring again sad autumn,
With frost my flowers to blight.

O, give to me, sweet summer,
In thy last, declining day,
Some record of what thou hast seen
As thine hours have passed away.

Daylight is almost ended —
Shall I have no reply ?
Hark ! now I hear a gentle voice,
And it whispers with a sigh : —

“ Maiden, sweet roses for thee I brought
To gladden thy heart, and sadden it not ;
Yet know, that thy life, though happy it be,
Has thorns with the roses entwined for thee.

“ ’Tis eighteen summers since first we met —
As I loved thee then, I love thee yet ;
Still gladly with thee my joys I’d share,
To lighten thy heart of sorrow and care.

“ The sweet birds still in harmony sing,
And flowers still wear the fragrance of spring ;
But birds and flowers, of me they do tell —
Would you know more ? ask them — fare thee well.”

Farewell to thee, sweet summer —
I grieve to say farewell ;
But still I’ll keep thy sunshine
Within my heart to dwell.

And though chill autumn cometh,
As the changing seasons roll,
I’ll strive to keep unclouded
The summer of the soul.

“ *Ella May*,” (*Rumney*.)

THE AUTUMN ROSE.

I saw, one bright autumnal day,
A beauteous rose unfold,
And to a genial sun display
A bosom decked with gold ;
I gazed upon the lovely flower
With rapturous delight,
And thought its charms had spell of power
To make even winter bright.

I wished that autumn rose so fair
In radiance long might bloom,
And shed through the surrounding air
Its beauty and perfume.
Vain wish ! for on its ruddiness
Soon fell a withering blast ;
It drooped, and all its loveliness
Died ere the day was past !

So pass earth's fairest flowers away,
So dies the parent's joy ;
As clouds obscure the brightest day,
And griefs the heart annoy ;

But there's a balm for souls oppressed,
A hope the heart to stay ;
A bosom where the head may rest,
While tears are wiped away.

Thrice happy they who can repose,
In calm and holy trust,
On Him who wept for others' woes,
Who raised the sleeping dust ;
Who in a glorious robe of white
Arrays the blood-bought soul,
And bids it rest in realms of light,
While endless ages roll !

Mary S. Patterson.

LAST WISHES OF A CHILD.

"ALL the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing ;
Let me leave this stifled room,
Let me go where flowers are growing.

"Look, my cheek is thin and pale,
And my pulse is very low ;
Ere my sight begins to fail,
Take my hand, and let us go.

"Was not that the robin's song,
Piping through the casement wide?
I shall not be listening long —
Take me to the meadow side !

"Lead me to the willow brook —
Let me hear the merry mill ;
On the orchard I must look,
Ere my beating heart is still.

"Faint and fainter grows my breath —
Bear me quickly down the lane ;
Mother dear, this chill is *death* !
I shall never speak again."

"Still the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing,
Still we sit in silent gloom —
O'er her grave the grass is growing.

James T. Field

TO A SISTER.

FORGET me not, when I am far away
In other climes, and the blue sea between ;
Give me a passing thought at close of day,
As forth thou wanderest in our garden green.

Think that a sorrow may o'ercloud my brow,
And heaviness of heart weigh me to earth,
Far in a stranger land, with none like thou
To check the darker thoughts which then have birth.
Think of the early days when, hand in hand,
We roved the green banks of the Merrimack,
And wrote our names upon the wave-washed sand,
And sailed our boats far down his winding track.
By those bright, happy days of old, wilt thou
Cease not to think of him that's far away,
And lovingly, an angel then as now,
Forget not for the errant boy to pray.
And I, within the festive hall, and round
Of gayety, may banish thee a while ;
But soon as that is passed, and dies the sound
Of mirthfulness, the bitter scornful smile
Thou'dst pity, when I silently compare
The joys just passed with those that would be mine,
Were we again to breathe our native air
Together, as in days of Auld Lang Syne.

J. M. Fletcher, (Nashua.)

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

WOMAN has been compared to a *floweret* springing in the path of man, which, by its lovely tints and gentle

fragrance, beguiles him of life's rough pilgrimage, and teaches him to forget the sorrows of a wayfarer through an inhospitable world. She has been called the *harp*, whose soft music can lull the stormy passions of the human breast, and "lay discord to rest on the pillow of peace." She has been likened to that *one star*, whose ray is a guiding light to the tempest-tossed mariner. Her appellations have been the fireside ornament—the presiding deity in the temple of home—the china vase among the stone ware of humanity.

She may be one or all of these; yet it is chiefly as a moral agent, as the gentle minister of virtue, that the fine gold of her character appears. Since the light of Christianity has dawned upon man, and shown him that his highest happiness, as well as his true greatness and glory, is intimately interwoven with the dignity and character of woman, her influence has been gradually gaining new accessions of strength, till at length it has been felt in every land and every clime.

True, we do not find her, like Joan of Arc, or Margaret of Anjou, heading victorious troops on the field of battle, making her voice to be heard above the din of the war-strife and the dying groans of thousands. She is not found in the stormy debate of the senate chamber, nor do we listen to her eloquence from the pulpit or the rostrum, or hear of her intemperate zeal for the success of rival and ambitious demagogues. But is it the noisy partisan, whose voice rouses and

kindles the passions of the multitude, blinding them to the dictates of sober reason and unbiassed judgment? Is it the conquerer of nations, whose single will is the talisman of the thousands who follow him to the field of carnage and death? Yea; is it the preacher who weekly meets his congregation in the temple of the Most High, from whose lips fall the pearls of wisdom, as he unfolds the treasures of the "book of books" — is it these who exert an influence of that constant and habitual character, that alone can exercise a controlling power over human conduct, or move the springs of society? No; this belongs to the ministry of woman — enlightened, intelligent woman.

But it has been said, that man, from his coming in contact and collision with a greater mass of mind, must of necessity be the chief agent in effecting revolution and reform. Is it indeed so? If we look into the natural world, do we not find that nature accomplishes her most wonderful and astonishing results by the most noiseless agents — by the most silent and imperceptible causes? The mild sunshine, the genial atmosphere, the gentle descending shower, are employed to transform the acorn into the majestic and lordly oak. It owes its strength in the tempest, its defiance of the whirlwind, not to the mountain torrent, the thunder's voice, or the lightning's bolt, but to the gentle influence of maternal nature. The diamond derives not its existence from the tempest's fury, the hurricane's com-

motion, or the earthquake's shock ; but to the silent agency of time and the water drops.

The whole universe is bound together by the simple principle of gravitation — a something unseen, unheard, unnoticed, yet felt to the remotest bounds of the Creator's empire. Thus it is with woman. Man may cause a moral tempest ; he may shake the whole fabric of society ; but he may be like the wind that lashes into foam the billows of the ocean, and tosses about its waves ; but 'tis the sunshine alone that penetrates its depths. It is not in the bustle of the world, in the din of public life, that man arms his soul for conflict, or fortifies himself in those principles that are to be his anchor in misfortune. No ; these are imbibed in the sanctuary of home, and learned at the domestic fireside. Thence the child carries with him those sentiments and feelings, that are to sway the future man, and perhaps stamp the character of his age. Our own Webster, speaking of maternal character, says : " Some may destroy the canvas on which the painter has bestowed his labor — the marble of the sculptor may crumble to dust — but woman works on a substance that is impressed with the seal of immortality."

Miss L. A. Parker.

STANZAS

I TWINED a splendid summer wreath
Of scented sprigs, and blossoms rare,
And placed it, with its morning breath,
Amid the tresses of my hair ;
But ere the noontide hours had past,
Its fragrance sweet and bloom were gone ;
The chaplet from my brow I cast,
To seek a more enduring one.

I wove a rich and bright bouquet
Of all the choicest garden flowers,
And fondly hoped its sweets would stay
To cheer me in some darker hours ;
I looked — the canker worm was there —
A deep-corroding blight had spread
Among the leaves, once fresh and fair :
My chosen ones were dead.

I culled a *plant* of simple hue,
Whose opening bud had caught my eye ;
Beside a gentle stream it grew,
Unheeded by the passer by ;

I bound it meekly on my breast,
And storms and sunshine went and came;
In winter shroud the earth was dressed,
Yet still it lived and smiled the same.

The flowers that drooped in morning beams,
They smiled upon my heart in vain;
Like fairy shapes in early dreams,
Alas! they ne'er revived again.
Those sweeter ones were friends beloved,
Whose ties affection's hand had wound;
But friendship's vows deficient proved,
And death the kindred bands unbound.

That simple plant, whose cheering powers
Through all life's fleeting scenes are given,
That soothes us in our saddest hours,
Is humble, childlike, trust in Heaven.
The dearest hopes of youth may fade,
And friends may change, and kindred die;
But *this* shall lend its kindly aid,
And chase the tear from sorrow's eye.

Helen, (Manchester

MAN IS NOT WHAT HE WILLS.

MAN is not what he wills ; the very sky
Hath not a powerless cloud, but looketh down
In meek compassion, as it floateth by,
On us, born subjects of a smile or frown.
There's not an upstart, vagrant wind but drives
His passive spirit on its lightest breath ;
The unsinewed giant so no longer strives,
Though o'er his maddened eye careers the shakened
death.

Man is not what he wills ; and O, 'tis joy,
That not a spell-clad spirit is his foe ;
No bloodless wizard, patient to destroy,
Binds on the fatal ring, the charm of woe !
For age, the magic circle when it breaks,
Goes up with fleeing symphonies on high ;
And a wild thrill of ecstasy awakes,
Above the grief that mourns his lost captivity.

Man is not what he wills ; for from above,
And from beneath, the thwarting currents roll,
And nature's mighty magazine of love
Ten thousand times shall overcome his soul.

And wheresoc'er his chosen path shall tend,
His charmed footsteps keep but half the way ;
A cloud, a sound, a very flower, shall send
An overflowing flood, and bear him wide astray.

Man is not what he wills ; hast thou not seen
The stern, strong face unbrace itself again,
When a soft breath went by, with thoughts between
That never touched his iron soul till then ?
The harsh, determined visage, how it tells
A sudden tale of years long past and gone !
The worldly, rugged bosom, how it swells
With quick o'ercoming tides, from Youth's far ocean
drawn !

Man is not what he wills ; the simple child,
That panting, hunts the dreamy butterfly,
Doth pause at sudden, of his prey beguiled,
A smitten victim of the western sky,
When o'er the burning hills it takes the sun
To that bright place of happiness and gold ;
And as he turns away, the lesson done,
He goes another child, by other thoughts controlled

Man is not what he wills ; the time hath been,
When he, whose hand doth whet the midnight steel
Hath bowed his head, all gray with age and sin,
To hear the hamlet bell's sweet distant peal.

He had not cared to hear, but in his breast
Were things of kindred with that human sound ;
The answering memories break their long, long rest,
And thought and tears are born, and penitence profound.

Man is not what he wills ; uncounted powers
Beset each single footstep of his way,
And, like the guardian spirits of the flowers,
Charm each malignant, poisonous breath away ;
And so by guileless things is man beguiled,
And sweetly chastened in his earthly will,
While every thwarting leaves him more a child,
With childlike sense of good, and childlike dread of ill.

Man is not what he wills ; a deep amen
O'ercomes the grateful spirit as it hears ;
" *Thy* will, not mine, be done," it breathes again
To Him that sits above the circling years.
The weak doth find supporters, and the blind
A faith that will not ask an earthly eye,
To see the goings of the eternal mind,
When clouds and darkness bear his moving throne
on high.

Leonard Swain, (Nushua.)

THE THREE VISIONS.

I HAD a glowing vision,
I know not whence it came,
But it burned within my veiled heart,
Like a consuming flame.
And fierce and wild the strange desire
It kindled in my breast,
A struggling, pent-up lava-fire
That would not let me rest ;
For wildly in my spirit burned
A haunting thirst for fame,
Till every other hope I spurned,
To win a glorious name.
A strength to labor and endure
Awoke within my soul ; —
'Twas but to fix the standard sure,
And to attain the goal.
To the weak heart that quenchless flame
Gave vigor not its own —
But the dream faded as it came,
And I was left alone.

I had a second vision, —
It was a blessed one, —

Bright as upon a stormy sea
The day-smile of the sun.
Kind, loving voices greeted me,
And starry, gentle eyes,
In whose dear light there seemed to be
An opening paradise.
For weary years I'd dwelt apart
In the cold homes of men,
But the loving, trusting, childlike heart
Was with me even then.
I fancied that no bitterness
Could chill my spirit more,
And felt, in this new blessedness,
I had not lived before.
That blessed vision faded
In mist and tears away —
The light of life seemed shaded,
When it was gone, for aye.

I had a third sweet vision,
Most blessed of the three,
For angels, from their thrones of light,
Looked lovingly on me.
I thought to see it fade away,
It was so bright and fair ;
But, clear as in the earlier day,
It still abideth there ;

And ever in my soul I dream
I hear their rapturous song.
O, all too real doth it seem
To be a vision long.
Sweet, earnest, spirit-beaming eyes
Upon my pathway shine,
Sleeping or waking, from the skies,
Forever bent on mine ;
And gently a beloved hand
Doth lead me ever on
Unto the blessed silent land,
Where Faith and Love are gone.

" Lone," (Plymouth.)

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

THERE was silence in heaven. The song, that had echoed in strains of such entrancing sweetness around the throne of the Eternal, was for a moment hushed. There was no sound in Paradise, save when the golden lyre of some glorified spirit thrilled faintly, and sent forth a low, melodious note, as if unwilling to cease its musical breathings.

The hosts of the better land — myriads of angels

and archangels knelt humble around the "*Great I Am*," with their pinions folded and their heads bowed in reverence to Him at whose command a holy stillness now reigned throughout the spirit-world.

A vast, ay, and a glorious assemblage was that: yet one white-robed form, that was wont to mingle in the throng, was absent; a divine commission had been given him, and now he winged his way to the world below. Eagerly the angel bands watched him as he sped far, far on his earthward flight; and when at length he paused above a scene of wretchedness, and a harp-note of celestial sweetness came faintly to their ears, they cast their fadeless diadems at the feet of the Infinite, and cried, "Hallelujah to the Lamb who has saved us, and still continueth to save."

To the sad and the sorrowing, to the guilty and erring of earth, had God sent the messenger of mercy; and when the music of his song floated to the realms above, he paused above a low couch, on which reclined a dying boy. A bright-haired lad he was, who had beheld the storms and sunshine of only ten short years. He had been gay and joyous, as childhood ever is; but now the light of his sunny eye had grown dim, and his merry laugh went forth no more on the summer air. There was a feverish flush on his rounded cheek, and his full lips were parched with the burning breath of disease. Beside him stood a pale, sad woman — his mother — his widowed mother. There was an ex-

pression of intense suffering on her face, and the tears gushed to her eyes when she smoothed back the golden ringlets from his brow. Nearer and nearer still drew the heaven-sent messenger, and more intently gazed he on the form, in which, like a pent-up bird, the soul was panting to be free. At length the lad's eye brightened; a rich crimson flushed his cheek, and the small hand, clasped in the mother's, trembled convulsively, as thus he spoke:—

“I see the seraph, mother! Let me—O, let me go!” and the voice died away like the low thrill of a lute-tone—the eyelids dropped lovingly over those calm, pure orbs—the crimson faded from the cheek—the boy had heard the angel's whisper, and the mother sat alone with the dead.

Hours went by; midnight brooded o'er the earth, and the stars, like spirits' eyes, looked down upon the widow's home. Beside her boy the mother knelt, with her hands clinched across her motionless breast, and her cheek pressed to his, as if to warm it into life; but no mother's power could wake the dead.

Still clasped the mother to her boy; but the wild and unnatural light in her eye too plainly told that grief was struggling for the mastery of reason. The spirit came near—softly he struck one chord of his celestial lyre, then mingled a low whisper with the thrilling strain. Suddenly a smile came o'er the face of the widow; she clasped the corse of her son more

nervously — a slight tremor convulsed her limbs — *she had heard the angel's whisper* — instant her soul was with him over whom she had mourned.

Martha A. Clough.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

METHINKS the sun is brighter, darling,
Than it was a year ago ;
The flowers wear a richer color,
And time moves not so slow.
This earth that I have looked upon
Since first I saw the light —
Sure it is fresher, lovelier, now,
Than when first spake from night.

The song of birds is sweeter, darling,
Than it was a year this time ;
The music of the waters flowing
Hath the melody of chime.
The sunset wears a richer hue
Than when I gazed alone,
And the moon that used to look so cold
Has very pleasant grown.

And sure the heart that worshipped thee,
A whole long year ago,
Still turns to thee, its idol-altar,
And burns its incense low.
The world has nought to charm away
From willing worship given :
Why should the spirit stoop to earth,
That rested once in heaven ?

Our sky is fair — no sorrows, darling,
Have dimmed its glory yet ;
And in its blue, so brightly shining
There are no warnings set.
Yet for all this we lie not down
To sleep, when done is life,
Without the drinking of the cup,
Without the bitter strife.

Earth never held the favored one
Whom sorrow has not known ;
Whose cup has not been running o'er
With bitter draughts alone :
And yet the cup our Father gives
Shall we not drink ? In vain
The supplicating cry goes up,
“ Spare us, O God, this pain ! ”

Yet why grieve now ? Our hearts, my darling,
Will not grow cold in need ;

We'll not forget the promise given
When the sun was overhead.
Its truth shall lead us on through life,
An angel in earth-guise :
Shall it not guide us to that land —
Its home — beyond the skies ?

Mrs. C. S. Goodale, (Manchester.)

A DREAM OF LOVE.

I HAD a dream — not all a dream,
For 'twas a bright foretaste of heaven —
A cup of bliss — divine — supreme !
The sweetest cup to mortals given.
But ah ! that dream has passed away ;
Its lovely fancies all have fled,
And in the tomb neglected lie, —
No flowers are blooming o'er the dead.

But then its spirit, lingering yet
Around the home where once it dwelt,
Bids me be true, and ne'er forget
The beauteous shrine where I have knelt.
O, could those hours again return,
And I once more their pleasure know,

Life's glimmering torch would brighter be
And I should feel the less of woe.

Yes, there she stands, that *loved one*, now,
That angel guide of boyhood's hours,
And circling round that peerless brow,
A coronal of fading flowers.

O, truthful emblem of my heart !
Too soon, like them, it drooped and died
As flowers from their parent stem
Depart — it perished by her side.

The radiance of her lustrous eye
Was brighter than the evening star ;
Her voice, like fairy's gentle sigh
When borne upon the zephyr's car,
Was softer than the breath of even
Which floats among the summer bowers
Was sweeter than the dews of heaven
Which fall at night upon the flowers.

We met — we loved — we meet no more ;
I left my love long years before —
Our blissful dream was quickly o'er,
But long has been the pang of woe.
I've trod life's deserts since alone ;
No cheering hope — no gladsome ray —
No heart in unison with my own,
To cheer me on my lonesome way.

N. Wright, (*Hold*

THAT SAME OLD GIRL.

THERE doth she sit — that same old girl
 Whom I in boyhood knew ;
 She seems a fixture to the church,
 In that old jail-like pew !

Once she was young — a blooming miss —
 So do the aged say ;
 Though e'en in youth, I think, she must
 Have had an *old-like* way.

How prim, and starched, and kind she looks,
 And so devout and staid
 I wonder some old bachelor
 Don't wed that good old maid !

She does not look so *very* old,
 Though years and years are by
 Since any younger she has seemed,
 E'en to my boyhood's eye.

That old straw bonnet she has on,
 Tied with that bow of blue,
 Seems not to feel Time's cankering hand, —
 'Tis "near as good as new."

The old silk gown — the square-toed shoes —
Those gloves — that buckle's gleam,
That *silver buckle* at her waist,
To me like old friends seem.

Live on — live on — and may the years
Touch lightly on thy brow ;
As I beheld thee in my youth,
And as I see thee now, —

May I, when age its furrows deep
Has ploughed upon my cheek,
Behold thee in that pew, unchanged,
So prim, so mild, so meek !

B. B. French

I LOVE A LAUGH.

I LOVE a laugh, a wild, gay laugh,
Fresh from the fount of feeling,
That speaks a heart enshrined within,
Its joy revealing.

I love a laugh, a wild, gay laugh :
O, who would always sorrow,
And wear a sad and woful face,
And fear the morrow ?

I love a laugh — this world would be,
At best, a dreary dwelling,
If heart could never speak to heart,
Its pleasure telling.

I love a laugh — it cheers the heart
Of age, bowed down with sadness,
To hear the music in the tones
Of childhood's gladness.

Then frown not at a wild, gay laugh,
Or chide the merry-hearted ;
A cheerful heart and smiling face
Should ne'er be parted.

"Effe May."

ORATORY.

HISTORY is the chart of the deliberative orator. It reveals to him the quicksands and rocks where the hopes of empires have been wrecked. It reveals the sources of prosperity, the sources of misfortune. To him who can read it, it offers the suggestions of two hundred generations. It bids us beware of the follies of dead nations. To every individual it offers, somewhere among its records, encouragement to great and

good deeds. It is from an ignorance of what has been, that men commit so many mistakes, and that the same error, after a larger or smaller cycle, returns again, like the forgotten fashions of our fathers.

Man acts according to his belief. He believes in alchemy; and with haggard visage and wasted sinews toils in dark caverns, in the vain hope of transmuting the worthless into the precious metals. He believes in a fountain which gives perpetual youth; and straightway—such is the record of history—embarks for unexplored lands, searches with an energy which commands respect in spite of the folly, and pushes on his rugged pilgrimage with an enterprise worthy of the best cause. He believes in the insufficiency of his own judgment in matters of religion, in the divinely appointed supremacy of the priesthood, and for centuries commits his conscience and his faith to his spiritual advisers. He believes that the Bible is the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice, that he may and must examine it, and immediately he produces the Reformation.

Poetry cultivates the imagination. The province of the imagination is not to separate truth from error, but “to render all objects instinct with the inspired breath of human passion.” It does not demand if things be true independently, but if they be true in their relation to other things. It does not discover, but enlivens. It melts together, into one burning mass, the discordant

materials thrown into its crucible. Like the colored light of sunset, it bathes in its own hue whatever it touches. Discarding technical rules, as from its nature averse to them, it adapts means to varying circumstances, and seizing upon the *hearts* of the audience, in aid of belief or in spite of belief, binds them in willing captivity. It annihilates space and time, brings the distant near, draws together the past and the future into the present. It warms the heart of the orator. He then speaks because he feels, not in order that he may feel. The influence flows from within, outward, — not from without, inward. It tears the orator from considerations of himself, bears him above himself, above rule, criticism, apology, audience, every thing but the subject. The orator stands like an enchanter in the midst of spirits that are too mighty for him. He alone could evoke them from the dark abyss ; but even he is but half their master. He alone can demand the secrets of futurity ; but then he can speak only the words that they give him. He inspires others only as he is inspired himself.

Logic is necessary for that severe form of speech which carries power in its front, and, by its very calmness and repression of earth-born passions, seems to belong to a higher sphere. It must form the bone and muscle of an extended discourse. Imagination clothes the skeleton with beauty ; breathes health into the rigid muscles ; lights up the eye ; loosens the tongue ; excites

that rapid and vehement declamation which makes the speaker to be forgotten; the subject, and the subject only, to be thought of; betrays no presence of art, because, in fact, art is swallowed up in the whirlpool of excited feeling. Besides, there are truths with which logic has no concern; "truths which wake to perish never;" truths to be directly apprehended, as well as truths to be proved; feelings, as well as facts. Love, and passion, and fear laugh at demonstration. "Logic," says one, "is good, but not the best. The irrefragable doctor, with his chains of inductions, his corollaries, dilemmas, and other cunning logical diagrams and apparatus, will cast you a beautiful horoscope, and speak you reasonable things; nevertheless, the stolen jewel which you wanted him to find you, is not forthcoming. Often by some winged word — winged as the thunderbolt is — of a Luther, a Napoleon, a Goethe, shall we see the difficulty split asunder, and its secret laid bare; while the Irrefragable, with all his logical roots, hews at it, and hovers round it, and finds it on all sides too hard for him."

Poetry not only offers us the language of emotion, but produces emotion, and emotion elicits thought. It has been well remarked of the great English dramatist, that he has been true to nature, in placing the "greater number of his profoundest maxims and general truths, both political and moral, not in the mouths of men at ease, but of men under the influence of passion, when

the mighty thoughts overmaster and become the tyrants of the mind which has brought them forth." Then the mind rushes, by intuition, upon the truth; scorns subtle and useless distinctions; disregards entirely the husk, seizes and appropriates the kernel. Emotion in the speaker produces emotion in the hearer. You must feel, you must sympathize with him. Your mind darts, with the speaker's, right through the textures which cover up the subject, and grasps the heart of it. How deadening are the words of some passionless men! Like a dull mass of inert matter, their lifeless thought stretches across the path of your spirit. Different, indeed, are the words of another, to whom has been given some spark of ethereal fire. His words become to you a law of life. They start your sluggish spirit from its dull equilibrium, and its living wheels shall thenceforth move whithersoever the spirit that is in them moves. Rarely has been found that combination of qualities necessary to the greatest orator, — dignity, enthusiasm, wit, the power of sarcasm, the power of soothing, philosophy which does not despise imagination, imagination which does not spurn the restraints of philosophy.

Such should be the studies of the orator. The great orator must be a great man, — a severe student in broad and deep studies. He must thoroughly know his materials, his models, the history of his race, and, most of all, the heart within him. Then shall he have

power to struggle in the noblest contest — that of mind with mind, — for the noblest object — the well-being of his race.

Samuel G. Brown.

AUTUMN.

I LOVE the dews of night ;
I love the howling wind ;
I love to hear the tempests sweep
O'er the billows of the deep !
For nature's saddest scenes delight
The melancholy mind.

Autumn ! I love thy bower,
With faded garlands dressed ;
How sweet alone to linger there
When tempests ride the midnight air !
To snatch from mirth a fleeting hour,
The Sabbath of the breast !

Autumn ! I love thee well ;
Though bleak thy breezes blow ;
I love to see the vapors rise,
And clouds roll wildly round the skies,

Where from the plain the mountains swell,
And foaming torrents flow.

Autumn ! thy fading flowers
Droop but to bloom again ;
So man, though doomed to grief awhile,
To hang on Fortune's fickle smile,
Shall glow in heaven with nobler powers,
Nor sigh for peace in vain.

N. A. Haven.

FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet the tones of Friendship,
When borne from heart to heart
Upon life's varying breezes,
Which joy and grief impart !

They calm dark waves of sorrow
Which o'er the bosom roll ;
They speak of joy to-morrow,
And flowing tears control.

Still purer those emotions,
When heart with heart can join
In paying their devotions
To Heaven's hallowed shrine ; —

When faith our vision brightens,
And hope, with anchor sure,
Earth's purest pleasure heightens,
And heavenly joys secure.

When soul with soul aspiring
Above these gloomy shades,
And eyes with joy admiring
That crown which never fades.

What, then, though death should threaten
To make us soon his prey,
With prospects bright for heaven
We'd gladly ~~go~~ away.

Mrs. D. W. Holt, (Nashua)

BEAUTY.

WHAT is beauty? Do the features
Finely moulded, fair to view,
Make this treasure ~~often~~ sought for
By the many? No! ah, no.

What is beauty? Do the tresses
Falling o'er the lily neck,
Either of the golden auburn,
Or the glossy raven black,

Form the beauty that is worthy
Of our praises and esteem ?
No ! the heart that wears them may be
Filled with guile, although unseen.

What is beauty ? Do the blushes
On the lovely maiden's cheek,
Vying with the freshest roses,
Form the beauty we would seek ?

No ! the blush of shame it may be.
Where, then, does the treasure lie ?
Is it in the lip of ruby —
Is it in the sparkling eye ?

Or does art give graceful beauty
To the fair and fragile form ;
Is it dress that makes the wearer
Beautiful to look upon ?

No ! 'tis folly thus to seek it,
Thus the treasure strive to win ;
Nothing outward sure can make it —
Beauty lies enshrined within.

'Tis the mind adorned with graces
That contains the magic prize ;
If you seek it, there you'll find it,
There true, real beauty lies.

Caroline.

BOOKS.

Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who right faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. — *Channing*.

IN the facility for the acquisition and preservation of knowledge, the present age excels all others. Antiquity had its eras of art and refinement, as Egyptian monuments plainly demonstrate; but the press did not then work for their diffusion and perpetuity. When the ruthless calif Omar burned the Alexandrian library, the world met with a loss, which, thanks to the sons of type, can never be paralleled, since no book, reflecting the science of past or coming eras, will fail to have its multitude of copies.

Time was, too, and that not long since, when a single newspaper sufficed for the demand in America; while now the name is Legion of those leaves, not always for the healing of the nation, which are scattered more widely than those from ancient Sibyls' cavern, and more carefully consulted by the people than ever of old was Delphi oracle. None so poor that he cannot obtain books. Societies for the gratuitous distribution of the Bible, colporteurs of every sort, bring knowledge to the very doors of the people, and

almost thrust its records into the hands of the unwilling or slothful. True, much that is bad finds its utterance in type; but thus can its hideousness best be made known, since the appropriate labor of sin can only safely be performed in darkness, and truth will ever gain precedence, as, in a fair and equal encounter, virtue and truth need fear no evil.

But amid the multiplicity of books, much care as to reading and selection should be observed. And let me, by all means, urge the acquisition of a taste for good reading. I say acquisition, for it is not, as some suppose, innate, though it is the result of an intensely inquiring spirit, more or less the property of every sound mind. But the very alphabet is learned often with many tears, and every noteworthy book requires toil of the brain, which is the hardest of all labor. And here let me say to the young man or woman who reads these pages, let your taste be for *good* reading only. I do not mean theologian lore alone. I would recommend a wide and liberal course, which would include all which is truly beautiful in poetry or fiction, but exclude all mere trash and sickly sentimentalism.

Read *hard* books first — those which require thinking, rather than prove labor-saving machines to prevent its necessity; those which suggest more even than they inculcate of thought and truth. There yet floats, like scum upon the surface of literature, a large amount of worthless books, fitted only for superficial

minds. Let the ephemeral productions of the day pass down the stream to oblivion's ocean ; but drink only of the clear, deep waters of knowledge, which shall be to you the cup of mental life.

Read also to examine and discriminate. Most books contain chaff with the wheat, some even positive evil mingled with the good. The truth makes the error with which it stands connected live, and he only who possesses discrimination can read much which others should leave untouched. Such a reader only can walk unharmed over the glowing lava of thought which poured from the burning and brilliant genius of Byron ; can assay the beautiful, because natural poetry of Burns, and reject the dross, while he retains the gold which mingles in his vein of poetic fancy ; can drink of the sparkling, but not always undefiled fountain of many of our most gifted poets.

There should be wisdom shown in the selection of books, and the number to be perused. "Of making many books there is no end," and rapid and transient enough are the many. A few books, well read, can make one better learned, with a more cultured and refined mind, than a multitude read in a desultory manner, as men con words when they should follow and grasp thoughts. There is a *mental* dissipation, as well as physical ; an intoxication of the intellect, as well as the body ; and our moral reformers should not spare the one, while they denounce the other. Bad as

is the appetite which rejects healthful viands for the wine cup, or cloying dainties, the taste which can feed only on the bewildering romance, or licentious French novel, is no less evil; for

‘Woe to the youth, when Fancy gains,
Winning from Reason’s hands the reins.’

Imagination is not a power to be slighted, but should have a normal development, as the companion and handmaid of reason.

An exact course of reading cannot well be pointed out to the young. Often what would be judicious for one, would be deleterious to another. The matter-of-fact man, to whom the world of imagination seems utterly closed, would do well to balance his tastes by reading the noble romances of Scott, the works of nature’s great dramatist, Shakspeare, or the glorious imaginings of Milton; else is he in danger of becoming hard and calculating, and will thus lose all life’s ennobling sentiment — its lofty ideal. But he who is naturally enthusiastic should read history, and attend to the exact sciences, for years, if he would preserve sound judgment, entirely refraining from the dangerous realm of fancy, the beautiful land of vision, thickly set with its airy castles, peopled with angels, whose visits, alas! save in romances, are to earth “few and far between.” There are some, such as the writings of Dr. Channing and Macaulay, which are an improve-

ment to every mind. Different as these writers are, yet each has the reality of life united with grandeur of thought, and beauty of expression.

Nor can I speak of reading, and fail to recommend to every youth, nay, every immortal being, the frequent perusal of that Book of books, which has a charm for every eye; balm for every wound; solace for every affliction; aliment for the nurture of every intellectual power. Do men love poetry? Then let the sublime strains of Isaiah and David, the melancholy breathings of Jeremiah, or that highly-wrought poem of Job, profitably gratify their longings. Do they seek the calm, clear stream of philosophy? Herein is the highest and the wisest, its commonplaces more glorious and conformable to human experience and aspiration, than teachings of Socrates or Plato. Does eloquence charm? Here are the words of him who spake as never man spake, the addresses of one before whom governors trembled, and kings were almost persuaded to become Christians. Above all, do men search for truth as for hid treasures? The Bible is its inexhaustible fountain, and they who drink thereat are alone truly wise, because wise unto salvation.

Pursue, then, a judicious course of reading, of which the Bible is the basis. The universal world is but a mirror of the world within. Attend, then, to the mind — the development of the intellectual and spiritual

nature. While to the impure, all is poor and vile, he who hath enlarged the domain of thought, whose mind is a kingdom, he can trace God's handwriting in nature's great book, with glorious lessons on its every page. He communes with Nature, for science and poetry have taught him her language. The stars to him are not shining dust, but worlds of light and life. Life is not petty to him, for grand and noble thoughts sweep the chords of his heart, till they sound forth in strains of harmony. He is never alone. Shakspeare, and Channing, and Milton, are his companions. He is not long weary, for Dickens and Scott charm his fatigue away; never hopelessly sad, for prophet, evangelist, and his Savior teach him the uses of disciplinary events, and make him rejoice when chastened; his friends undying and unchanging — never negligent or absent; for from his book-shelves they come at his bidding, and give utterance to those glorious thoughts which have, and must ever move the literary world.

A. B. Fuller, (Manchester.)

THEY TELL ME, LOVE.

THEY tell me, love, that heavenly form
Was fashioned in an earthly mould ;
That once each limb and feature warm
Was lifeless clay, and cold.
And the old nurse, in prating mood,
Vows she beheld thy babyhood.
But vain the specious web, and frail ;
My heart can weave a truer tale.

They lured a radiant angel down,
And clipped its glorious wings away ;
They bound its form in stays and gown,
And taught it here to stay.
But earth nor art could e'er efface
Its angel form, its heavenly grace.

And wouldst thou deign to linger here,
And tread with me this mortal earth,
A group of charming cherubs, dear,
Might cheer our humble hearth.
And each would be — nay, do not laugh —
Angel and mortal, half and half ;
And every pretty dear, when vexed,
Would cry one hour, and sing the next.

But O, I greatly fear, my love,
That earthly joys would all be vain ;
That longing much for things above,
The plumes would grow again ;
And so you might, some pleasant day,
Take to your wings and flee away ;
I shall be sorry, if you do,
But, dearest — take the children too !

Horatio Hale.

THE PHANTOM FISHERMAN.

A PHANTOM ! a spirit ! hast heard of one,
Restless on earth — in the air — or the sky,
Wearily wandering under the sun,
Close where the waves of the Merrimack run ?
I tell thee, go watch, ere night passes by,
'Tis an ancient ghost, whose task is ne'er done,
A quaint wight tells, and like this 'tis begun : —

All haggard, and weary, and wan, and old,
On a shelving rock the fisherman sat ;
His coat was brief as a tale that is told ;
His grief-stricken nose, once jolly and bold,
Now sadly stuck out from a rimless hat —

Often he sneezed, like a man with a cold,
While the damp river mist over him rolled.

Curling and sparkling so brightly, so red,
There blazed a fire on the pebbly shore.
Fishing and wishing, and nodding his head,
Watching for eels in the old river's bed,
There he sat, and sat, till midnight was o'er,
Patiently heaving the line and the lead,
Patiently watching the hook where it sped.

Now half a tear, and the sound of a sigh,
Escape on the air so heavy and damp,
As he turns his gaze on the cloudy sky,
Or lists to the wind in the branches nigh,
Or stirs up the fire of his waning lamp
With a limb of pine or a pitch-knot dry, —
So sat the old man till morning drew nigh.

The water splashed over his half-bare feet,
And merrily laughed at his bootless toil,
Till Manchester spires were seen, through the sleet,
Plainly to wink at the fisher's defeat,
As slowly, at first, in the sandy soil,
He seemed to commence an unwilling retreat,
Like one half forced to give it up beat.

Over hill, o'er dale, till, coming to where
Piscataquog meets the Merrimack's wave,

He entered a shadowy cabin there ;
Warily stepping, with caution and care,
As though caution and care himself would save,
He uttered nor word, nor oath, nor prayer,
But vanished at once in the thin, thin air.

Haunting the shores of the Merrimack still,
The ghost of a fisherman, slow and sad,
Wishing in vain to drive off, at his will,
The uproar and din — the noise of the mill —
Walks, as of yore, when, a young lazy lad,
He asked for no work but his net to fill,
No rest but sleep in the shade of the hill.

E.

THE SCHOLAR'S DEATH

THE scholar's brilliant light is dim,
And on his brow death's signet set ;
O, many an eye that welcomed him,
With sorrow's burning tear is wet !
His was a noble heart and true, —
His was the strong and gifted mind ;
And fame and love around him threw
Their wreaths, with choicest flowers entwined.

His mind lay, like a gem, within
A fretted and a slender frame,
Which oft it buoyed to health again,
Unknowing whence the healing came.
The jewel through the casket frail
Shone with a clear and perfect ray,
As if its light would never pale
Before e'en death's triumphant sway.

He wore away; no lovelier clime,
With fairy scenes and gentle breeze, —
The grandeur of the ocean chime, —
Italia's skies nor India's seas, —
Not these could brace his wasting frame, —
Nor home, with all its memories dear :
But calmly, when the summons came,
His soul soared to a brighter sphere.

J. H. Warlan

L I T E R A T U R E .

I FEEL awkward at attempting to touch any thing literary. Not merely that I make clumsy work, but because I feel doubtful as to the utility of promoting the cultivation of mere letters. For what is literature but the luxury of words and periods? What is

use of it? It has nothing of the power of unlettered talk, or illiterate writing — if such there may be. It engenders only an artificial language, that nobody talks, or can talk, except those fictitious creatures, the scholars — and they, only when they are not in earnest, when they are learned. Put them to their necessities, and they forget their book style — their compound words and their constructed periods — and have to talk off just like any body. Literature is a mere accomplishment, intended to be displayed only by the idle. It is like the parlor furniture, to be used — if it can be called *use* — only by *company*. It is but pedantry, in its best estate. True, strong, human thinking don't want it, and can't make use of it if it happen to possess it. It has, in fact, to get rid of it before it can make the natural and necessary use of speech. Human speech is of almighty power, almost, when unalloyed by learning. And yet the strong-minded, unlettered man, bows reverently before the helpless scholar. It is a grand mistake. This literature produces nothing for humanity. It originates nothing, improves nothing, invents nothing, discovers nothing. It talks hard words about the labor of others, and is reckoned higher and more meritorious for it than genius and labor are for achieving what learning can only descant upon. Learning trades on the capital of unlettered mind. It struts in solemn plumage, and it is mere plumage. A learned man resembles an owl,

in more respects than matter of *wisdom*. Like that solemn bird, he is about all feathers.

Books, and their writers — of what consequence to humanity are either of them? They are but copies, and resemblances of copies, when we might be gazing on originals. Works — whole Alexandrian libraries of them — what are they good for? Common sense esteems them as stubble. They are food for nobody but the moth, and his fellow-student, the book-worm. Some old invader burnt up ever so many of them, in a famous library, long ago, I believe in Egypt. They call him a Vandal, or some such rude name, for it. But he might have been a very clever barbarian, for all that. I wish he had burnt nothing more valuable, viz., human abodes and cultivated fields. I would not care if there should be a bonfire of all the learned libraries, especially the divinity, — and that would burn like tinder, most of it.

Humanity wants precious few books to read, but the great, living, breathing, immortal, and glorious volume of Providence. "The proper study of mankind" — that this is "man," and God's other works, is not mere poetry. There is truth in it — life — real life; how to live, how to treat one another, and how to trust God in matters beyond our ken and occasion. These are the lessons to learn, and you can find nothing about them in the libraries. I would add a word more for *our* literature, but toil-worn anti-slavery can have little

leisure or fancy for literature while a sixth of the country welters in brute slavery, and the mass of the other five sixths in heartless indifferency, or religious rage, at the feeble attempts making for its disenthralment. Literature shows, on such a country, like the marble gleams on a whited sepulchre, or like finery on a harlot, — and the gaudier it is, the more painfully unbecoming.

N. P. Rogers.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

ONE came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like open blossom ;
Bright gems were twined around her hair,
And glittered on her bosom ;
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round, white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the noontide light
The radiant zone that bound her, —
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came — o'er her sweet face
A pensive shade was stealing ;
Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
But the heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snow-drop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre ;
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

Sarah Josepha Hale

STANZAS.

AH, sister, do not think me sad,
That thou hast found me weeping ;
For O, the spirit's dream is glad,
In light and beauty sleeping.
O, many a brow with flowers is wreathed,
And many a smile is gay,
That knows not half the blessedness
Which fills this heart to-day.

For, sister, from the home above,
A dream, a dream of heaven,
Its light and life, its peace and love,
To this full heart is given.
From many a scene, in worlds like this,
The smile of mirth may glow,
But 'tis the weight of perfect bliss
That causeth tears to flow.

Sweet sister, I have found a charm,
Than Circe's more prevailing ;
It giveth e'en the storm a calm,
And strength when hope is failing.
And dost thou ask the secret charm ?
Wouldst try its magic spell ?
It is the deathless trust in Him
Who doeth all things well.

"Ione."

TO A BRIDE.

BLESSINGS attend thee ! May's thou ne'er
Be called to shed the sorrowing tear,
Nor ever mourn

O'er youth's sweet hopes, too bright to last,
O'er morning dreams, fled quickly past,
O'er fond hearts torn.

May thy pure spirit never grieve
O'er hopes that flatter to deceive —
A heartless form ;
But may thy heart's star burn still true,
And safely guide thy spirit through
Each wintry storm.

Be happy ! Though dark hours may come,
Yet ever, through the misty gloom,
You still may see
Hope's radiant finger pointing high
To a bright home beyond the sky —
A rest for thee.

Be happy ! Though misfortunes lower,
Let no dark cloud thy mind e'er sour,
But every day
Greet thy loved partner with a smile,
And with fond words of hope beguile
The weary way.

Hannah M. Bryant, (Manchester

BEAUTY OF LIGHT.

BEAUTIFUL to the believer is every work of Nature. To him there is a loveliness and meaning in the humblest herb, and smallest insect; and he knows that, whenever beauty meets the eye, then should instruction go to the heart.

But the object which more than all others combines both beauty and instruction, is LIGHT. Beautiful is light when it shines from the dazzling sun, and beautiful when it beams from the milder moon; beautiful when it flashes from some dark thunder-cloud, and beautiful when it twinkles from myriads of evening stars. Beautiful is it when concentrated in noonday clouds, and beautiful when, with scarlet and purple, it curtains the sunset sky. Beautiful is it in the north, when its varying colors stream upward in the borealis; and beautiful in the south, when it reddens the midnight sky from seas of prairie fire.

Beautiful is light when it crests the ocean billow, and beautiful when it dances on the rippling streamlet; beautiful when it lies like a silvery robe on the placid lake, and beautiful when it turns the foaming surge to fretted gold. Beautiful is light when it flashes

from the maiden's eye, and beautiful when it sparkles from the diamond on her hand.

Beautiful are the varying hues of light, as they flit and change on the water-bubble, and beautiful are they when marshalled in the rainbow. Beautiful is the light which glistens from millions of points and pinnacles in arctic glaciers, and beautiful when it rests like a glorious crown on Alpine mountains; and beautiful also is light, when it breaks through forest boughs, and holds wild play with the flitting shadow.

Beautiful are the coruscations of light in the laboratory of the chemist, and beautiful is the fireside light when friends around it meet in that dearest of all earth's cherished spots, in "home, sweet home." Beautiful is light to the poor man, when it comes through the little lattice to brighten his humble cot, and beautiful to the prince, when it streams through gilded casements to illuminate his palace.

Beautiful is the light of morn to the Persian worshipper, and beautiful is it after the night-storm to the shipwrecked mariner. Beautiful is it to the child of guilt or affliction, to whom the night can bring no quiet rest; and beautiful, after their undisturbed sleep, is it to all beasts, birds, and insects, whose morning voices unite in one loud thanksgiving for the light.

Beautiful is light to the dungeon prisoner, when, after years of darkened life, he stands beneath the sun's glad beams; and beautiful is it to the invalid,

when from the couch of sickness he emerges into the bright ocean above and around him, and from the depths of his grateful heart he blesses God for the light.

Beautiful also is light to the timid child, when, after awaking in darkness, his screams of terror have brought some taper, and, as though he knew that his guardian angel had come to watch his slumbers, he lays his cheek upon his little hand, even shuts his eye upon the wished-for object, and sweetly sleeps—for it is light.

Beautiful is light when it paints the tulip with gold, the rose with crimson, and the grass-grown earth with living green. Yes, beautiful is every light of morn, of eve, of midnight, and of noon; and grateful for all beauty should we be to Him who is the “Father of lights.”

Harriet Farley.

EVENTIDE.

THE golden gleams
Of sunset beams
Have bathed the crest of the solemn mount
With floods of fire from their heavenly fount,

And the dying day, with its fading light,
Casts lingering smiles on the face of night,

The tempest's spire
Is tipt with fire

And the lambent rays, like an angel's smile,
Gild o'er the hallowing, sacred pile,
And fading away on its arching dome,
Directs above to the spirit's home.

The ocean light
Blends with the night,
As, mirroring back from the deepening blue,
Each starry gem comes forth to view,
And a choral song from the sounding deep
Is sweetly murmured to the Maker's seat.

The day is gone —
Night trembles on
To where its last fleet moments ending,
In stilly darkness fast descending ;
And flitting ghosts ascend the mountain high,
To list the music of the starry sky.

J. W. P., (Manchester.)

NEW ENGLAND.

NEW ENGLAND, land of liberty,
The patriot's pride, the freeman's boast;
Thy hills are strong, thy breezes free,
And heaven has blessed thy sea-washed coast.

Thy sons are greatest of the great,
Thy daughters fairest of the fair;
Thy name is known in foreign state,
Thy valor proved in freedom's war.

Thy commerce whitens every sea,
Thy flag waves proudly on the main;
Earth's trampled sons may come to thee
In time of need, nor come in vain.

Proud, happy land, my native place,
Thy record is a brilliant story;
Already hast thou won the race
Of nations in the stride for glory.

J. M. Fletcher.

THE VALLEY CEMETERY.

Ye soft sighing zephyrs through foliage and vine !
Ye echoless tramps from the footsteps of time !
Break not o'er the silence, unless thou dost bear
A message from Heaven — "no partings are there."

Here gloom hath enchantment in beauty's array,
While whispering voices are calling away —
Their wooings are soft as the vision more vain —
I would live in their empire, or die in their chain.

Here sleepeth, 'mid unfading flowers, the dead —
Flowers fresh as the pang in the bosom that bled ;
Yea, constant as love which outliveth the grave,
That time cannot quench in oblivion's wave.

Mourn on, gentle cypress, in evergreen tears,
I love thy fidelity, so changeless through years ;
The heart hath a flower — hope's blossom above,
Reared fair in the realms of Goodness and Love.

Ambition, come hither ; these vaults will unfold
The sequel of power, of glory, or gold ;
Then rush into life, and roll on with its tide,
And bustle and toil for its pomp and its pride.

rit wings flitting through the far crimson glow,
steepeth the trees, when the day-god is low ;
ce of the night-bird must here send a thrill
heart of the leaves, when the winds are still.

aves do I hear them — they rise and they swell,
l back my spirit with seraphs to dwell ;
me with a breath from the fresh spring time,
ken my youth, as in earliest prime.

spirits departed ! Ye echoes at dawn !
to which radiant now they are gone !
l gaze on its luminous track till I see
red ones in glory bright beaming o'er me.

Mrs. Mary M. Glover.

MYSTERY, REASON, FAITH.

It comes down over a ship at sea, and a passen-
gers hour after hour alone on the deck. The
plunge and welter, and glide away beneath
l. Above, the sails tower up in the darkness
to the sky, and their shadow falls as it were a
on the deck below. In the clouded night no
o be seen ; and as the ship changes her course,
senger knows not which way is east or west, or

north or south — what islands, what sunken rocks may be on her course ; or what that course is or where they are, he knows not. All around, to him, is *Mystery*. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock and taking note of the place of the sun, and with the aid of a couple of books, composed of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where, a hundred leagues over the waters, lies his native shore. Here is *Reason*, appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel and watch, hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever, as if it were a living finger, to the steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the courses of the sky. . But reason and experience have given him *Faith* in the commanding officer of the ship — faith in the laws that control her course — faith in the unerring integrity of the little

guide before him. And so, without a single doubt, he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun, he beholds far away the summits of the gray and misty highlands, rising like a cloud on the horizon; and as he nears them, the hills appear, and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, and — sight of joy! — the spires of the churches and the shining roofs, among which he strives to detect his own.

Mystery — Reason — Faith; — mystery is the lowest, faith is the highest, of the three. Reason has done but half its office till it has resulted in faith. Reason looks before and after. It not only ponders the past, but becomes prophetic of the future.

Ephraim Peabody.

STANZAS.

DEEP in the caverns of the soul,
In solitude long hidden,
Are thoughts which many weary years
The light have been forbidden.

Too precious for the idle gaze,
They slept in quiet slumbers,
But tempests on life's changing wave
Have waked the poet's numbers.

Like beacons 'mid the darksome night
These gems of mind are shining,
Still luring heavenward earth-bound souls,
And kindly hopes entwining.

O, it is well, when earth recedes,
The spirit-home seems nearest,
And suffering's shock but wakes the strain,
Of all heart-strains the dearest.

The guardian angel oft may come
In sorrow's strange disguise,
To waken dormant energies,
And ripen for the skies.

Then bow we meekly to the rod, —
Not from the dust it springeth, —
And holy, heavenly is the spell
Which o'er our souls it flingeth.

H. N. L., (Candia.)

THE LOVELY DEAD.

As vanishes the sunset light,
As fade away the clouds of night,
 So flees the breath,
 When called by death,
Of those too fair to dwell,
Whose praises strangers cannot tell.

How can with grief the bosom swell,
How can dark sorrow's sadd'ning spell
 Come o'er the heart,
 When friends depart,
Whose virtues shine with rainbow glow, —
Whose proper sphere is not below !

The lovely live, how brief an hour !
They leave to dwell with Sovereign Power !
 They will not here
 Again appear ;
Yet earth retains a charm, a grace,
From their late presence, on its face !

With holier food no soul is fed
Than memory of sainted dead !

A lofty tower
Of mighty power,
The mem'ry of the dead doth rise,
To join the earth unto the skies !

J. R. Dodge, (Nashua.)

DREAM OF THE INDIAN PROPHET.

WARRIOR, I dreamt a dream last night,
For I slept by the wizard-tree ;
And the shades of the dead stood round my head,
That my spirit froze to see.
And the sounds I heard from earth and flood,
Great Chief, would have chilled thy hot war-blood.

I saw tall barks on the ocean ride —
Heard their keels on the billows roar ;
And their sails, spread high in the stormy sky,
Looked down on the red man's shore.
They thundered loud from their fiery sides,
And their flakes sank deep in the Indian tides.

Strange voices rose from their thronging decks,
As descend their glittering crews ;

And the warrior leaped from the grove where he slept,
At the sound of their dark canoes.
He shook the folds of his icy shroud,
And shouted the war-whoop long and loud !

They bore a banner, and said 'twas God's,
And they bent to its folds the knee,
And they sang a song, as they planted it strong,
Along by the foaming sea ;
And bright in the breeze, as it danced about,
A Cross from the midst of its folds shone out !

They smote their shields with their naked blades,
And the din rang far and wide —
"We come with the sword, in the name of the Lord
And the Holy Cross," they cried ;
And the eagle screamed from his eyry near,
As he caught the flash of the Christian spear.

They swept o'er the land with fire and steel,
And the forest they purged away,
And the she-wolf fled, at their noisy tread,
From the cave where her young cubs lay.
The oak in its prime to the earth was cast,
Where the feet of the fearless stranger passed.

I beheld thy chiefs in darkness weep
O'er their doom, in that frightful dream ;
For their champions slain encumbered the plain —
Their blood empurpled the stream ;

And the jackal stole from his secret cell,
And licked the grass where the warriors fell !

Then a spirit came on rushing wings,
And his buckler was bent and red ;
And his wail arose, at the dim day's close,
And bemoaned thy children dead.
But the spoiler sped like a torrent past,
And stood by the uttermost sea at last.

I saw far into the vale of years —
But quenched was the burning brand,
And the last sad trace of thy warrior race
Had gone to the foeless land ;
And the pennons of God glanced far and free,
O'er the vine-clad earth and the still, blue sea.

J. Q. A. Wood, (Orford.)

THE USES OF SORROW.

" Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

THERE is nothing without its use. Even the perplex-
ities and trials of life have their advantage. Sorrow

has its use, in making us know ourselves. We are sadly ignorant of ourselves until sorrow comes. Our hearts are a labyrinth; there are chambers in them which have never been explored, and winding passages which have never echoed to a footfall. There are hidden recesses which have never been visited by an inquiring thought; there are depths which have never been sounded, which never can be sounded but by the line of sorrow. We think better of ourselves than we ought; but adversity brings us to our senses; it introduces us to self; it is our schoolmaster; it comes with a rod, compelling us to study our own lesson, and let our neighbor's alone. The lesson it indicates, is found on the page of our own life — in the book of our own heart.

How many men have never thought of studying themselves until they were tried! Confine a man with sickness. Close the grave over one he loves. Wring the blood out of his heart by the ingratitude of his child. Crucify him with calumny. Bare his head to the storm, and let his name be defenceless against the barbed shafts of envy and slander; and if his soul be left, he will begin to think! Who knows the strength of his attachments, until the approach of misfortune? The love we cherish for our friends; who appreciates it, before it passes this ordeal? Who comprehends his affections, while they flow quietly and evenly out toward their centre? Love does not know

itself, until its form is glassed in the wave of sorrow. It must be put upon the rack ; it must be bound to the burning, fiery wheel of anguish, ere its greatness and ardor are revealed. Our affections, like flowers, must be crushed, ere they will emit their sweetest fragrance.

In eastern climes, where the skies are cloudless, the flowers are rich in tints and gorgeous dyes, but nearly colorless. It is only in the clouds and mists of a weeping atmosphere like our own, that they are rich in aroma. So the affections never yield their choicest fragrance until the cloud comes, and they are wet with the rain of sorrow. The sunshine may disclose their beauty, but only the storm can discover their strength. So, also, knowledge of ourselves in other respects, of our virtues and vices, is imparted to us through the medium of suffering. It is when the great deep of the soul is disturbed and broken up ; when its waters are tossed by the storm, that the pearl and the weed are alike thrown to the surface, and cast upon the shore.

Another use of sorrow is that it excites sympathy for others. Many a man can trace the commencement of the pity he feels for the sad, to some event trying to himself. When my friend died, or some other trial blinded my eyes with tears, I experienced a change in my feelings towards others. When the billows of grief swept over your soul, the retiring wave left upon the shore this precious gem. Our sympathy is a Thetis

bone of a sea. He, whose life has been all serene, whose years have passed like the quiet flow of a beautiful river, knows not the depth and dregs of the cup sorrow offers to men. He does not understand the bitterness of the Asphaltic draught. He cannot truly commiserate others until himself has suffered. It is true, the hand of adversity "is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend." Its voice is not lyrical and sweet, but it is the voice of an angel. It compensates for the pain it inflicts by the knowledge it imparts. Its influence is such as often to make disaster better than success. * * * * *

By wise improvement of them, then, let afflictions be converted into blessings. O mortal! Study to know their design! Let them make thee wiser and better! Derive strength from them, for they conflict with evil!

"— And thence, with constant prayers,
Fasten your souls so high, that constantly
The smile of your heroic cheer may float
Above all floods of earthly agonies,
Purification being the joy of pain."

Henry Steele Clarke, (Manchester.)

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

My childhood's home ! 'Tis where mountains blue
Are girding it round, like *they* loved it too,
On the shore of a lake, that gloriously lies
Like a jewel of God's just dropped from the skies.

For that lake-side fair, in youth's early hours,
I've left all I loved, my birds and my flowers, ,
And wandered alone by its winding shore,
Where I dreamed the dreams I can dream no more.

Not always alone. There were loved ones near,
Bright spirits of home, to bless and to cheer.
Bright idols, adored ! O, how have ye flown,
And darkened the light of our early home !

On the western verge of our own fair land
Is one from among our household band,
Who long ago sought, on wild Oregon's shore,
A home where his heart might be weary no more.

But I turn my eyes to the southern plain,
And my soul is athirst for a flight again :
A *spirit of home* is there lowly laid,
'Neath the myrtle and orange bloom shade.

The fire of his heart and light of his eye
Too early were quenched — but the *beautiful* die !
And from the red field of his glorious death,
A brave soul passed with his parting breath.

Tears for the loved one, thou youthful and brave !
Tears for thy early, sad stranger-made grave !
My home, O, it cannot be near to *thee* now —
Colder than *mine* is the hand on thy brow.

Shall I turn again to the home I left ?
'Tis lonely there, for its bright things are reft !
Yet sadly I go, my eyes full with tears,
And my soul with the memories of happier years.

One fair little girl, in the years gone by,
Faded from life, and was laid down to die ;
And another, all full of youth's beauty and pride,
With the last falling leaves was laid by her side.

'Neath the willow-trees, by a gliding stream,
Are resting the two in their wakeless dream ;
The breeze is more soft, and the water's flow
Is more gentle there where the loved lie low.

One fair one is left — O, she's *very* fair,
With deeply blue eyes and glorious hair ;
With a heart so warm, and a soul so true,
That beams from the face it glads one to view.

The bloom on her cheek — 'tis *fatally* red,
And must thou, my own, lie down with the dead?
Last spirit of home, O, linger yet near,
All going — all gone; my home is not here.

From all that I've loved, thus early passed by,
I turn me away to yon holy sky,
On the weary clouds that so gracefully curl,
A car shall be made of their azure and pearl.

All slowly and soft, to a pale, pale star,
Where my own in love and the beautiful are,
I'll go to a home all fairer than this —
Bright star of my dreams, thou'st no waking from
bliss!

Julia A. A. Sergeant.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

I GAZED upon the mountain's top,
That pierced in twain the passing cloud,
And wondered at its giant form,
So dark, magnificent, and proud.

Can this strong mountain from its base
Be shaken by the tempest's shock?

Can all the gathered thunders stir
This everlasting, solid rock ?

And scatter forth its dust like hail ?
And fling its fragments on the air ?
Can aught created wield such strength ?
Exists such power ? — O, tell me *where* ?

They *may* remove ; these mountains may
Tremble, and hence forever pass ;
These hills, that pillar up the skies,
Perish, as doth the new-mown grass.

Yea, saith the Lord, they shall depart,
The hills, and all the solid land ;
But my sure word of truth remains,
My promise shall forever stand.

William B. Tappan.

MONADNOCK.

Upon the far-off mountain's brow
The angry storm has ceased to beat,
And broken clouds are gathering now,
In lowly reverence round his feet.

I saw their dark and crowded banks
On his firm head in wrath descending,
But there once more redeemed he stands,
And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending.

I've seen him when the rising sun
Shone like a watch-fire on the height,
I've seen him when the day was done,
Bathed in the evening's crimson light;
I've seen him in the midnight hour,
When all around were calmly sleeping,
Like some lone sentry in his tower,
His patient watch in silence keeping.

And there, as ever, steep and clear,
That pyramid of Nature springs !
He owns no rival turret near,
No sovereign, but the King of kings.
While many a nation hath passed by,
And many an age, unknown in story,
His walls and battlements on high
He rears, in melancholy glory.

And let a world of human pride,
With all its grandeur, melt away,
And spread around his rocky side
The broken fragments of decay.
Serene his hoary head will tower,
Untroubled by one thought of sorrow ;

He numbers not the weary hour,
He welcomes not nor fears to-morrow.

Farewell ! I go my distant way ;
Perhaps, not far in future years,
The eyes that glow with smiles to-day,
May gaze upon thee, dim with tears.
Then let me learn from thee to rise,
All time and chance and change defying ;
Still pointing upward to the skies,
And on the inward strength relying.

If life before my weary eye
Grows fearful as the angry sea,
Thy memory shall suppress the sigh
For that which never more can be.
Inspiring all within the heart
With firm resolve and strong endeavor,
To act a brave and faithful part,
Till life's short warfare ends forever.

William B. O. Peabody.

A DREAM OF AMBITION.

METHOUGHT I stood within a quiet vale, that
retched in beauty far away beneath a deep blue east-
ern sky, where dwelt a matron with three lovely

daughters. Till now they had lived in quiet joy, and peace had filled their humble dwelling. But at length the mother died; and in dying, left to her orphan children the richest of all earthly gifts — a mother's blessing. Long the maidens sorrowed, but time brought a solace to their woes, and when the spring winds swept the valley green, each heart grew strong and calm.

But the scene had changed. A mother's love no longer bound their spirits' wing, and now the elder and the younger rose, and left the quiet vale, to struggle with the living tide. The elder, with a gleaming eye and spirit wild, sought out the busy world; and in the crowded city she strove to win a name. Earnestly and patiently, step by step, she rose, till at length, basking in the light of royalty, she sat, a "queen enthroned" beside the proudest monarch of the earth.

But she stopped not here. The whisperings of Ambition could not be hushed, and she lent a willing ear, till maddest schemes had filled her heart. With steady hand she poured for her king the fatal draught, and when death had stilled the "life-clock," she turned haughtily away, for she was then sole mistress of his mighty realm. Secure in queenly state, no threatening arm could curb her fiery passions, till her once fair hands were drenched in her country's noblest blood, — till its fruitful fields became a barren waste, and its purest rills were stained with gore. But a youth,

whose proud spirit chafed like a wounded lion beneath the yoke, in a maddened moment struck his dagger to her heart, and freed his country from oppression.

My vision changed. Once more I stood within the bosom of that far, sweet vale; and when I had seen the meek spirit of the mother bid farewell to earth, I was doomed to gaze upon the dying struggles of her second daughter. There had she lived in the quiet of her own heart's home, and there with a poet's art had she drank from its bewildering fountains. There skillfully had she drawn pictures of the sorrows of life, and there had she written of the deep blue sky, the gliding rivers, and the dark, green groves of her own native vale. Her fame went abroad; her praises dwelt on the lips of kings and princes; and men loved her for her genius. But Ambition was in her heart; and when came the angel of death, he found her spirit all unprepared for its heavenward flight. *Her* banner, once waving high, now drooped upon its staff, for upon it rested not the blessing of God.

Again my vision changed; and I saw the younger sister lie down among the dark sons of Africa, peacefully as the tired dove would close its wearied pinions. Ere she left her native vale she had wandered to the feet of Jesus, and, kneeling there, the Holy One had laid his hands in blessing upon her pure, white brow. With this spirit went she forth upon the sands of distant climes, to win with love the rude barbarian heart.

Around her gathered oft in prayer those dark, benighted children, and, as they lifted their dusky brows, their humbled mien and earnest eye bespoke the awakened *soul* within. And when her peaceful spirit took its flight, those savage men bowed low, and scalding tears fell from cheeks ne'er wet before but from the fountain spray. She sought not fame of earth, but her story,

" Written in light on Alla's head,
By seraph's eyes shall long be read ; "

while her silken banner, pure and stainless as the robe of Jehovah's self, floats ever in the breeze on distant shore.

The vision passed from my view, "but the thoughts it awoke are too deep to pass by," and oft in after years did I bless my God that the Dream of Ambition had wrought good in my heart.

Edis Clarence.

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

SHE stood like an angel just wandered from heaven,
A pilgrim benighted away from the skies,
And little we deemed that to mortals were given
Such visions of beauty as came from her eyes.

he looked up and smiled on the many glad faces,
The friends of her childhood, who stood by her side,
but she shone o'er them all, like a queen of the Graces,
When, blushing, she whispered the oath of a bride.

We sang an old song, as with garlands we crowned her,
And each left a kiss on her beautiful brow,
And we prayed that a blessing might ever surround her,
And the future of life be unclouded as now.

J. T. Fields.

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

WHEN age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
When evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day, —
Then shall we sit and ponder
On the dim and shadowy past,
In the heart's silent chamber
The guests will gather fast.

Guests that in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
And we shall hold communion
As in the days of yore.

They may be dark and sombre,
They may be bright and fair,
But the heart will have its chamber,
The guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters ?
Who shall be our hearts' guests ?
How shall it be, my brothers,
When life's shadow on us rests ?
Shall we not 'mid the silence
Hear voices sweet and low,
Speak the old familiar language,
The words of long ago ?

Shall we not see dear faces
Sweet smiling, as of old,
Till the mists of that lone chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold,
When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day ?

Mrs. Orne.

MUSINGS.

How beautiful to stand by the ocean's side, to look upon its calm blue surface, as wave after wave leaves the sandy shore, and recedes back upon its orb'd bosom. But more glorious it is to gaze into its clear depths, and, tracing the mirrored beauty of the heavens, look back upon the ages of the past, which have rolled away since the morning stars first sang together,

“When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke.”

What mighty reflections crowd in upon the mind! What hidden meanings, what awful teachings, those flitting clouds and transplendent arch disclose! Myriads and myriads of life have entered the sphere of action, have winged their rapid flight, and passed to silence and to nothingness. Thrones and principalities, founded upon the accumulated wrongs of ages, have tottered and fallen 'mid the shouts of their own destroyers. Crowned heads have bowed low. Heroic legions have perished upon the battle-field, while usurping tyrants have stripped the laurel from their brow and striven onward in the tide of power. “Marble domes and gilded spires” have crumbled in the

dust. Proud cities lie buried in the lava's flood. Fleets and armaments are rotting in the sounding deeps. But thou, old ocean, 'mid the wrecks of ages, in restless motion keepest, and murmurest forth thy solemn wails on distant shores.

"Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow ;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

In sunshine or in storm, in tumult or in calm, still thou art the same — terrible in thy beauty — ineffably grand and sublime. Ever and anon the winds sweep o'er thy surface, and raise thy crystal billows high, yet again the air is calm, and sweet peace rests upon thy tranquil waters. * * * * In sacred record, the mind recurs to such a scene as this. 'Twas when the Savior and his little band of followers sailed forth upon the deep. Night had closed around them, and Nature had yielded to the potent charm of rest. And, as they glided on, a holy stillness pervaded the tranquil sea, and angel watchers seemed hovering o'er the peaceful sleepers. But suddenly sounds fall upon the ear. Deep thunders peal along the sky. Lightning, flash upon flash, darts through the heavens. The sea, before so calm, now rocks in tumultuous commotion. The surges pile mountain high, and threaten each moment to engulf the sinking ship and the devoted band together. From dreams terrific they wake to the terrible realities around. Wild and despairing, they gather

round their much-loved Master. Composed, he marks' their trembling forms and visages blanched with terror, and hears the fearful cry, "O, save us ere we perish!" calmly. He seeks the spray-washed deck, and surveys the tempestuous sea and the warring elements above. What a scene — what a moment was that! Archangels now might drop their lyres and list the tempest's revelry. He speaks — listen: "Peace, be still," is wafted to the storm-god's farthest habitation. He hears it, and obeys. Instantly the ocean is at rest. The clouds draw off from the brightening heavens, the pale moon peeps from her silvery curtains, and sheds her gentle rays o'er a scene of tranquil beauty.

A. M. H., (Manchester.)

THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

A SINGLE life's the life for me,
Bright, sunny isles are there;
I'll dash wide o'er its bounding sea,
Nor love nor hate the fair.
With fearless heart and manly pride,
Against the surging strife,
My peaceful bark will gallant ride,
Untroubled with a wife.

Who tamely lets a woman's art
His foolish heart inthrall,
Will surely learn, too late, alas,
That love's a humbug all !
'Tis all a cheat, a lie, a show,
To trap poor silly men —
Old maids to Bedlam all may go,
And ne'er come back again !

In manhood's prime, 'tis downright sin
To run such odds for life,
'Mid countless blanks, to only win
A useless, worthless wife ;
And when, by fate or fortune blest,
Which would indeed be worse,
The painted, bauble prize, at best,
May prove a splendid curse.

A wife's a pearl of tempting hue,
But stormy waves are round it,
And dearly will a mortal rue
The day when first he found it.
If all her locks were gleaming gold,
Where gems like dew-drops fall,
One passing hour of life, free-soul'd,
Were sweetly worth them all.

The bird that wings the sunny sky,
To greet the rosy morn, —

The stag that scales the mountain high,
When rings the hunter's horn —
When he shall seek the crowded plains,
Or birds their prison-cage,
Then I'll be bound in Hymen's chain,
To bless a future age.

A single life's the life for me,
Bright, sunny isles are there ;
I'll dash wide o'er its foaming sea,
Nor love nor hate the fair.
With fearless heart and manly pride,
Against the surging strife,
My gallant bark will peaceful ride,
Untroubled with a wife.

F. A. A., (Manchester.)

ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

THE blissful June of life ! I love to gaze
On its sweet wealth of ripening loveliness,
And lose the thought that o'er my saddening days
Grim care has woven clouds which will depress.

In spite of stoic pride and stern resolve,
Beauty like this the waste of life redeems ;
Round it — their sun — the coldest hearts revolve,
Warmed back to youth, and gladdened by its beams.
But, lady ! in that mild, soul-speaking glance,
Those lustrous orbs, returning heaven its hue,
I greet an earlier friend — forgive the trance !
'Tis Nature only imaged here so true
That, briefly, I forgot the Painter's art,
And hailed the presence of a queenly heart.

H. Greeley.

LADIES' DRESSES.

How many dresses ladies wear —
In all of which pride has a share !
The morning *dishabille* appears,
And answers well for household cares ,
But more complete and full attire
Their walks and afternoons require ;
To worship the great God of heaven,
More rich they dress one day in seven.
But when in parties they appear,
And finer dress they choose to wear,
And when to ball-rooms they advance,

And join the lively, giddy dance,
More gaudy dress becomes the scene,
Where sashes wave and spangles gleam.
But soon the sprightly hours are past,
For pleasures cannot always last ;
A cold ensues, and sickness comes,
Disorder seats upon the lungs ;
A chamber dress is now put on,
Nor changed at morn or evening sun ;
But mortal sickness soon is o'er —
The lady needs but one dress more !

Hosca Ballou.

NOVEL-READING.

MUCH novel-reading is bad ; bad both in tendency and result ; positively and conclusively bad, inasmuch as it sets forth life and character in a false and delusive light, and unfits the mind for solid study. But novels, it is said, are the works of genius and art, and spring from a refined and cultivated taste. Be it so ; — yet is poison less deadly because administered by skilful hands, and perhaps, too, mingled with safe and wholesome ingredients ? 'Tis said, too, they abound in gen-

erous and beautiful sentiments — that their style is fascinating, and that many truths are inculcated — that lovely and imitable characters are often set forth — that virtue is robed in transcendent purity, and vice in revolting blackness — that the one is consigned to infamy, and the other to a glorious renown. Would it were so, indeed. Yet the reverse is too often true, where a vicious heroism is exalted, and the sublimest virtues are debased ; where character is set forth, which, to the young and inexperienced, seems stamped with the impress of heaven, yet, when once stripped of its coloring, stands revealed in its naked ghastliness.

Yet, if exclusive novel-reading is bad, may it not sometimes afford relief to the mind and relax the intellectual system ? True, the overburdened mind needs rest ; but, from the multiplicity of books with which our age abounds, cannot enough be found without resorting to those of doubtful tendency ? What though the style be charming, and its channel inlaid with glittering pearls ? In this short life, were not time unprofitably spent, nay, worse than wasted, in dwelling upon the diseased imaginings of idle or vicious minds ? Were it not a crime, thus to squander the richest inheritance of earth, to feed the weakest passion of our natures ? — thus to revel in the idlest dissipations of the brain, when all the bright, the true, the beautiful, the real in life are before us ?

And herein lies the danger : that sin, clothed in the

shining drapery of thought, may, to the eager and unsuspecting, exhibit the form and comeliness of purity; and which, if but exhibited as in nature, its hideousness would be so revolting, that purity and innocence would recoil from its sight.

But especially does novel-reading disqualify the mind for the more arduous attainments of study, and even create a distaste for the sober realities of life; for the mind, accustomed to soar in the cloud-land of fancy, is soon filled with phantoms, which it vainly hopes good fortune will make real. Behold that pale girl, weeping by turns o'er a tale of fiction. There, in her still chamber, by her midnight lamp, with a swimming swollenness of soul, has she pored over the precious volume, till at length,

“The bad all killed, and the good all pleased,
Her thirsty curiosity appeased,
She shuts the dear, good book, that made her weep,
Puts out the light, and turns away to sleep.”

But ere the “balmy messenger” has come to her pillow, imagination again wanders over the scenes so lately presented, the varied actors start from their hidings anew, while her ideal heroine becomes identified with herself, and bewilders her fancy with more extravagant mockeries than before. Morning comes, and brings no realization of her dreams. But common life surrounds her, and can she be satisfied? Can she

engage in the common duties of life? Her heroine consented to be engaged in no useful employment, nor does it suit her lofty ideas; and although she may not be able to convert her father to a king, nor her mother to a duchess, yet she can imagine herself destined to shine in palace halls, and move amid the circles of wealth and fashion. She is discontented and unhappy — disqualified for the enjoyments of domestic life, useless to others, and a burden to herself. Thus drags the current of her life, till, by chance, an admirer and lover turns up, whom her enraptured spirit instantly converts to an angel of light. With this romantic and sentimental paragon, she consents to pass her future days; but alas! just as her happiness seems well nigh completed, she finds her palace a hovel, her admirer a deceiver, and herself forsaken by all the virtuous and the good.

Elizabeth, (Manchester.)

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, I love thee — thy rough granite hills,
Thy forests and rivers, thy mountains and rills;
Thy snow-blasts of winter, thy zephyrs of spring;
Thy rose-scented summer, all platted with green.

I love, too, thy school-house, moss-covered by time,
Where aping my elders I first learned to rhyme,
As, weary with playing and scanning the lasses,
I sighed like a toper who thinks of his glasses;
Till in process of time my love took a turn,
My heart fluttered softly, new passion did burn;
The rosy-cheeked maiden, the boy-girl at play,
The child of yesterday was sweetheart to-day.
This passion inspired me with poetic lore,
Till 'bove Don Juan my fancies did soar;
Still brighter and brighter the flame grew apace,
Like the sun in the morn of its diurnal race,
Till nothing on earth, in the sea, or the air,
So gloriously bright, so enchantingly fair.
Yet soon it was clouded — in coldness did set,
Forsooth my beloved was caught in a fret.
She boldly asserted I had grown too free
With Susan, or Sarah, or Jane, or Hitte.
“Ah, well,” said I, “lady, do plainly tell us
How many more are there of whom you are jealous?”
Quite oft we would have it, day in and day out;
Sometimes in a passion, sometimes in a pout.
At last she grew mild, and promised her favor,
If from suspicion in future I'd save her.
Yes, thus it was with us — both pettish at first,
At last we resolved each other to trust;
And now, whilst I'm writing, a laughing blue eye
Is turned from its labors and watches near by.

For this, too, I love thee, my own native state ;
A flower from thy fields I've plucked for my mate,
Whose fragrance, still fresh as the new-gathered rose,
Gives sweet incense to joy and softens my woes.

Leighton, (Manchester.)

BRIGHTER MOMENTS.

THERE are moments bright with sunshine,
In the checkered scenes of life,
When the soul has ceased its warrings,
When 'tis free from inward strife ;
When the gushing fount of feeling
Pours her silver-tinted stream,
When the smile of love is stealing
O'er the spirit like a dream.

There are gems of sparkling beauty
In the world around us here,
In the joyous path of duty,
In affection's silent tear ;
In the twilight shades of evening,
When the sunbeams quit the vale,
In the speaking eye of lovers,
When they breathe the tender tale.



Yet there are brighter moments,
There are gems of purer ray,
When we turn our thoughts within us,
Than the light of fading day, —
Than the tale of youth or maiden,
Breathed in passion's thrilling tone ;
O, 'tis when we hold communion
With our spirits — still — alone.

W., (Manchester)

THE NOVICE.

Look! what a seraph-glance is hers,
Whose full blue eyes thrown up to heaven!
That breast no low-born passion stirs,
Afar each thought of earth is driven;
Maid of the bright, the angel brow,
Where is thy fancy roving now? —

Among those peaks of softest hue,
Where twilight's purple feet have strayed;
O'er yonder sea of starless blue,
Where all day long the clouds have played;
Turning to earth a transient gaze,
As on a thing of by-gone days?

Or, from their moonbeam revels led,
Charmed by that gentle face of thine,
Perchance fair spirits round thy head
With plumes of dazzling whiteness shine,
And linger there, to smile and bless,
Lost in a dream of loveliness !

On yonder summits, gathering fast,
Hope may unfold her laughing band ;
Or some glad image of the past
Wave from the cloud a shadowy hand,
And bid thee twine again the bowers
Affection wove in earlier hours.

She heeds thee not ! The choral song,
That dies unnoticed on thine ears,
The voices of the sainted throng,
Who chant the hymns of other spheres,
Have lured her raptured soul on high,
Amid that bright-eyed company.

Tread softly on, and dare not break
The holy spell which binds her there ;
For who, sweet maiden, who could wake
Thy spirit from its trance of prayer,
Or bid thy soul from realms of light
To these dark scenes wing back its flight ?

Samuel T. Hildreth.

I AM DREAMING.

I AM dreaming, I am dreaming,
I've been dreaming all the day —
Weeks they seem one lengthened dream —
I am dreaming life away.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
My dreams are — O, so sweet! —
Such bewitching converse that I hold,
Such spirits that I greet.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
My thoughts I can't define,
So mystic is the changeful hue
That floats my spirits' shrine.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
Upward, up away ;
I catch a vision of the soul —
O, such a brilliant ray,

That, could I bring it back to thee,
'Twould fire thy soul with light, —
Would set thy heart-locked music free, —
Unchain his spirit's flight.

Yes, I am dreaming — none may know
The hidden beauty bound
Within my vision's spirit's sphere,
The home my soul has found.

M. H. A.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN MAID.

'Twas a beautiful spot where the vine-covered cot
of the mountaineer stood in the edge of the wood.
There the forest bird's song echoed all the day long,
and the mountain stream played in the depths of the
shade; while the graceful young fawn cropped the
herbage at dawn from the wide-spreading lawn. 'Twas
a beautiful spot — 'twas a beautiful cot — and surely
there ne'er was a maiden more fair, nor a maid more
rare, than the maid that dwelt there. Shall I picture
this maid of the greenwood and glade, as she was in
the day when old "Allen" held sway, while his iron-
nerved men were the pride of the glen? She was
neither too tall, too short, nor too small, nor so light
nor so airy as the form of a fairy.

But the pride of the glade was the rosy-checked
maid, with eyes quite as blue as the summer sky's hue,
and the tresses of brown, floating gracefully down, and

nestling below on a bosom of snow. She could warble and sing like a songstress of spring; she could spin and could sweep, and could mow and could reap — could ride the gray steed at the top of his speed, and had sported a trifle with her father's old rifle. And this bouncing young maid of the evergreen shade was chaste and refined, and had such a mind as you seldom will find among the gay maids of haughtier grades.

A lover she had, who would have been glad to capture her heart by his scheming and art. O'Handy his name, and a dandy by fame, who, though wrinkled and parched, was whiskered and starched, and displayed quite a rare and *citified* air. Well, he knelt at her feet and began to entreat, while his great bosom beat with unmerciful heat; and he told such a tale as he deemed would not fail to make her believe that he could not deceive.

While thus he knelt pleading, while thus interceding, he thought by her smiling that his words were beguiling. But he found the conclusion a hopeless delusion; for that maid was unlinking his scheming — was thinking; and she thought in a twinkling she'd give him a sprinkling of the well-peppered ointment of black disappointment. Ere he drew to a close she turned up her nose, as you may suppose, just as high as she chose; and, scorning his prose, through his pleadings she broke, and thus 'twas she spoke: —

“O, great is your fame; O'Handy by name; from

the city you came with your heart all a-flame ; and you thought, in the shade of mountain or glade, to capture a maid by pomp or parade. O, save all your tears, your hopes and your fears, your 'ducks' and your 'dears,' for some other ears. All men are agreed you're a nice man indeed ; but your figure's too lean, you're too gaunt and too green ; and that is not all, you're extensively tall ; your nose is too big, you've a voice like a pig, and you wear a huge wig, while your upper lip seems just the shade of your dreams. Now my answer you know, there's the door — you may go !”

Still he lingered to plead in his love and his need, and he boasted or told of his tiller and gold — of her station in life whom he chose for a wife. But he found 'twas no part of a mountain maid's heart to bear insult and wrong from an eye or a tongue. That maid could not brook such word and such look, and she caught down a broom that hung in the room, and hit him a blow that made the blood flow not gracefully slow. He lit on all four, just out of the door, all covered with gore. Then he sprung to his feet, and, exceedingly meet, he beat a retreat to cover his defeat ; — disappeared o'er the green, and was never more seen — and ever since then, city-dandified men have learned to beware of the Green Mountain Fair.

Joseph C. Neal.

TO AN IRISH BOY.

[Walking one afternoon with a friend on Washington Street, we stopped a moment at a window, to examine several pictures, among which was a representation of a beautiful landscape. Standing before us were two little Irish boys, whose tattered garments bespoke their familiarity with scenes of poverty and woe. After gazing silently at the picture, the younger exclaimed, in the native poetry of the Irish brogue, "Ah, and look ye away there, and see the beautiful water, and the green trees, and the birds a-flying over them."]

Ay, gaze and worship at the shrine
Of Nature and of Art;
The poetry of heaven is thine,
Its sunlight in thy heart.

Thou'rt standing in the crowded mart
Of fashion and of strife,
Yet in its cares thou tak'st no part,
In pleasures or in strife.

The jewelled casements gleam around,
Yet from that painted scroll
A holier light is beaming on
The mirror of thy soul.

Perhaps thou'rt living o'er in dreams,
As memory leads thee back,
The happiness of childhood's scenes
Across the ocean's track.

Or art thou wishing that some sprite
Of fairy-haunted glen
Would come and kindly bear thee back
To Erin's isle again ?

Ah, no ! They are not thoughts like these
That swell thy throbbing breast,
But whispered strains of harmonies
By angel accents blest.

Then gaze thou on, poor little boy,
And drink thy spirit's fill
From that pure scene of summer sky,
Of rivers, vale, and hill.

For though 'mid gloom thy lot is cast,
God hath in kindness given
The love of all things beautiful,
To light thy path to heaven.

A. A. J.

THE SUNBEAM.

A SUNBEAM stole to the dreary earth,
With light on its airy wing,
And it kissed the flowers in gleesome mirth,
With the breath of early spring.

And on it passed, through the meadows green,
Where the tiny grass-blade sprang
From the dark brown bosom of mother earth,
And a song of spring it sang.

It crept to the heart of the early flower,
In whose eye a tear-drop lay,
Where it whispered words of magic power,
And it wept no more that day.

On, on, o'er the hills, to the rivulet wild,
That laughingly flung its spray,
The sunbeam flew ; and it gently smiled
As it passed on its gladsome way.

And the foam-beads looked, 'neath that sunny gaze,
Like the gems of the mountain mine ;
But the ray had sped on its lightsome wing
To the forest of waving pine.

And a dirge-like song from the forest came,
Of voices wild and free,
And the song they sung was ever the same,
Of strange, deep melody.

And the sunbeam kissed, in childlike play,
The crest of the lordly pine,
And the castled rock, so hoar and gray,
That had seen the march of time.

But a storm-cloud came athwart the sky,
And the sunbeam was withdrawn,
Yet it perished not — for the good ne'er die,
But they wait for a brighter dawn.

Lucy, (Manchester.)

CHARACTER.

THE greatest of all mistakes, at the outset of life, is the mistake of presuming on the favor of mankind without earning it. To youth the world will pardon much. Its indiscretions and obliquities are overlooked with surprising charity. But youth soon passes away ;

and with it passes away also the lenity of judgment, the kind allowance, with which its follies and errors are regarded. The man is measured by a severer standard, and awards are meted out to him on sterner principles. The high posts, the permanent distinctions of life, its great prizes, are all purchased by weary years of toil. It is true, in a country like ours, the patient cultivator of himself, the diligent student of the abstruser and less inviting principles of things, may be sometimes outrun and distanced by nimbler, more bustling, and less scrupulous spirits. But let him consider that, whilst the monarch of the forest is slowly maturing to his noble stature, generation after generation of the grasses and weeds that shaded his infancy wither and rot at his foot. In a quarter of a century many shining names grow dim, many budding honors are blighted. But one man in a hundred lives to come to any thing. We are too anxious to reap before we sow. "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain." The objects which young men propose to themselves can hardly be too great; but they may be *too near*. Impatience is the sin of youth. Unity and steadiness of pursuit are the true secret of ultimate success.

It is, however, an animating thought, to the man of patient, iron industry, that, if its great rewards must all be earned, they are seldom withheld. The market

seems overstocked ; and a young man's spirits sink within him at the thought of so many to contend with, and so little to be divided among them all. But the rarest of all things in the world is *character* — the growth of personal pains, and sacrifices, and trials. Every place and every calling wants it. It is never seen begging bread. Any price will be paid for it.

To the young man, then : Be encouraged. Time is not wanting ; opportunities wait for you ; means are within your reach. The cultivation of all your powers is possible to you ; education, in its truest sense, is practicable. Only resolve ; begin ; begin somewhere ; begin now. Husband your resources ; seize the fugitive moments. Open the eye and the ear ; assume that any thing can be learned ; doubt not that every thing can teach. Shrink not from the arduous ; despise not the humble. Be not ashamed to be ignorant, nor afraid to inquire. Months and years roll round faster than we think. And the thoughtful man, the patient cultivator of himself, is rich in knowledge and in merit before he is aware.

And then think of the reward, — the consciousness of mind, the inward sense of a manly spirit, the feeling of a moral dignity, — resources in our own nature beyond the reach of accident, out of the dominion of power, a part of ourselves, independent of life, imperishable, immortal. Fortunate man, favored above the ordinary mercy of heaven, who, in this free land,

and in this clear, bright day, has life yet before him,
and sees the way still open for him to eminence and
happiness.

Charles B. Haddock.

SONG OF THE FACTORY GIRL.

O, SING me the song of the Factory Girl,
So merry, and glad, and free !
The bloom on her cheeks, of health how it speaks —
O, a happy creature is she !
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And cheerfully toileth away ;
'Mid the din of wheels, how her bright eyes kindle,
And her bosom is ever so gay.

O, sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
Who hath breathed our mountain air ;
She toils for her home, and the joys to come
To the loved ones gathered there.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And she fancies her mother near —
How glows her heart, and her bright eyes kindle,
As she thinks of her sisters dear.

O, sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
Who no titled lover doth own, —
Who with treasures more rare, is more free from care
Than a queen upon her throne.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And she parts her glossy hair ;
I know by her smile, as her bright eyes kindle,
That a cheerful spirit is there.

O, sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
Whose task is so easy and light ;
She toileth away till the evening gray,
And her sleep is sweet at night.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And O, she is honest and free !
I know by her laugh, as her bright eyes kindle,
That few are more happy than she.

O, sing me the song of the Factory Girl,
As she walks her spacious hall,
And trims the rose, and the orange that blows
In the window, scenting all.
She tends the loom, and watches the spindle,
And she skips in the bracing air ;
I know by her eyes, as their bright lights kindle,
That a queenly heart is there.

O, sing me the song of the Factory Girl —
The honest, and fair, and true, —

Whose name has rung, whose deeds have been sung,
O'er the land and waters blue.
She tends the loom, she watches the spindle,
And her words are cheerful and gay ;
O, give me her smile, as her bright eyes kindle,
And she toils and sings away.

J. H. Warland.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

I SHALL not see again a brow
So pure and proud as thine ;
It seemed an altar, formed to glow
'Mid thoughts and dreams divine.

I shall not meet again an eye
So eloquent and bright ;
The stars that gem the evening sky
Alone recall its light.

I ne'er again a voice may hear
Of such a 'witching tone,
Or bask beneath a smile so dear
As thine, my lost, my own.

My beautiful, my cherished flower !
Thy footstep's lightest fall
Stirred in my heart a magic power,
And made earth musical.

I know not why I yet live on,
Since thou art fled afar ;
The glory of my life hath gone
With thee, my morning star.

But thou, my bird, hath spread thy plumes,
In better, brighter spheres ;
Far from the dreary shade of tombs,
The bitterness of tears.

O. W. Whittier.

HIGHER.

HIGHER ! It is a word of noble meaning — the inspiration of all great deeds — the sympathetic chain that leads, link by link, the impassioned soul to its zenith of glory, and still holds its mysterious object, dancing and glittering among the stars.

Higher ! lisps the infant that clasps its parent's

knees, and makes its feeble essay to rise from the floor. It is the first inspiration of childhood, to burst the narrow confines of the cradle, in which its sweetest moments have been passed.

Higher! laughs the proud schoolboy at his swing; or, as he climbs the tallest tree of the forest, that he may look down upon his less adventurous comrades with a flush of exultation, and abroad over the fields, the meadows, and his native village.

Higher! earnestly breathes the student of philosophy and nature. He has a host of rivals, but he must eclipse them all. The midnight oil burns dim, but he finds light and knowledge in the lamps of heaven, and his soul is never weary when the last of them is hid beneath the curtains of the morning.

And higher! his voice thunders forth, when the dignity of manhood has mantled his form, and the multitude is listening with delight to his oracles burning with eloquence, and ringing like true steel in the cause of freedom and right. And when time has changed his locks to silver, when the maiden gathering flowers by the roadside, and the boy in the field, bow in reverence as he passes, and the squire and the peasant look to him with honor — can he still breathe forth from his heart the fond wishes of the past.

Higher yet! He has reached the apex of earthly honor, yet his spirit burns as warm as in youth, though with a steadier and paler light; and it would even

borrow wings and soar to heaven, leaving its tenement to moulder among the laurels he has wound around it for the never-ending glory to be reached in the presence of the Most High.

J. P. Chase, (Manchester.)

LINES.

O, CAN there be a brighter state
Where mind its thirst shall satiate,
Where every wish and every thought
Shall to one common scene be brought?

Go, watch the student's burning eye
When he is told that he must die,
That classic lore and history's page
Shall never more his thoughts engage ;

That he in vain has wasted health,
And, deaf to pleasure and to wealth,
Has cherished here those jewels fair,
That death shall from his bosom tear ;

He'll point you to those fairer flowers
That bloom amid celestial bowers,
Where streams of knowledge flow for aye,
And founts of pleasure ever play.

Within the tomes that mortals find,
He never found a perfect mind :
Now heaven's bright volumes open lie,
To win his fond, impassioned eye.

His spirit there'll delighted see
The brows he kissed in infancy —
The brows that in celestial clime
With brighter wreaths seraphic shine ;

And genius-lighted there shall be
Forever lost in ecstasy ;
And godlike mind shall ever rove
In novelties' ethereal grove.

Yes, in that hour when nature fails,
And visions bright his spirit hails —
In accents soft their voices come,
And beckon to his spirit's home.

Olive, (Manchester.)

THE MAN I LIKE.

I LIKE the man who will maintain
A dignity and grace ;
Who can be social when there's need,
And always knows his place.

I love the man whose blandest smile
Is seen at home, "sweet home,"
Who, when his daily task is o'er,
Has no desire to roam.

I like the man whose piercing glance
Will make the guilty start,
As though he had the power to search
His very inmost heart.

I like the man whose generous soul
Pities the orphan's woe ;
Who never lets the needy one
Unaided from him go.

I'd have him generous, good, and just,
As God made man to be ;
The noblest work below the sun
Is such an one as he.

And now I've told you whom I like,
And you may think the same ;
Should Mr. Such-a-one come along,
That I would change my name.

Clara, (Manchester.)

LEGISLATION.

THE legislature has just been here, and dispersed. They are gone. I miss them a good deal. My garret window looks right out upon the great State House yard, where they used to swarm coming out. I go through it going home. I shall miss the squads of members standing ruminating, legislatively, by the gravelled paths — ruminating and nominating at the corners, on the flights of steps up to the State House. I used to hear, as I passed near the house, the sonorous eloquence of some orator in debate. I shall miss it now — and the long rows of hats in the great windows — all gone — all still.

Well, they have held a session. They have legislated. They had a governor — who had his council. They sat, and deliberated, and governed. I saw the governor and his counsellors. They looked same as any body. A little grave — not much. They laughed, I saw, some of them. Bought apples of the boys at the State House door — eat them — spit round on the steps — same as any body. The legislature spit a good deal. The stone steps are pretty much stained by it, a

kind of tobacco color, where they went in and out. And little wads lying about, the size of those dorbugs—looking as if the general court had been chewing upon them. All gone now, and it won't cost a ten-dollar bill to clean all up, and make it as wholesome as it was before the session. They have really done the people service—no dispute. They took the yeas and nays a number of times, to my knowledge. I went into the gallery up above, a number of times,—a place prepared for idle and for low-spirited people to go to,—and I looked down and saw what they did. They took the yeas and nays of the entire body several times. Once they got them wrong, and the head man declared the count both ways—once for, and once against. They rectified it, though. All these records are kept a record of, for public use. And they gave the go-by to several laws that seemed to me as if they would have been very bad ones, if they had passed. They contrived to “postpone” them “indefinitely,” as they called it, which I imagine means putting them by pretty permanently—at least for the present, and till another session comes round. O, they do a good deal for the public. If it hadn't been for them, those laws would not have been “indefinitely postponed.” They couldn't have been. Nobody but the general court has the power to postpone a law indefinitely. The people couldn't get a bill “indefinitely postponed,” if it wasn't for this general court. It is a very rare power, as well

as salutary. I thought I should like to see them postpone some more of their bills.

But then we must have laws. And we must have *fresh* ones. They must be made or touched over every year, or they would grow stale and common. The people would find them out, after a while, and would lose their respect for them. They don't know any thing about them, now, and have a great respect for them, and place great reliance on them. The lawyers know all about them, and so do the judges.

They passed one law, I am told, doing away with great trainings. They didn't quite pass it. It wasn't "indefinitely postponed" — but then the governor got the bill, and carried it away with him in his pocket. Another way they have of preventing the passage of bad laws, and shows the importance of having governors. If we hadn't had a governor, the bill destroying the trainings couldn't have been prevented, *in this way*, from becoming a law, and we should have had no musters. Now we shall have musters. The governor, I am told, put that bill into his pocket, and that stopped it at once from becoming a law. For a bill, if it has passed ever so many houses, is no more a law, when it gets into a governor's pocket, than so much white paper. And the houses can't get it out again, either of them — nor both of them. Not if they were unanimous and concurred, both. If it gets into the governor's pocket, they can never get it out again. And

he can pocket all the bills they can make. And if he should take it into his head to, they couldn't pass any laws. It is a great thing to have governors.

N. P. Rogers.

I SING TO HIM.

I SING to *him* — I dream he hears
The song he used to love,
And oft that blessed fancy cheers
And bears my thoughts above.
Ye say, 'tis idle thus to dream —
But why believe it so?
It is the spirit's meteor gleam
To soothe the pang of woe.

Love gives to Nature's voice a tone
That true hearts understand ;
The sky, the earth, the forest lone,
Are peopled by his wand.
Sweet fancies all our fancies thrill,
While gazing on a flower,
And from the gently whispering rill
Are heard the words of power.

I breathe the dear and cherished name,
And long-lost scenes arise ;
Life's glowing landscape spreads the same,
The same hope's kindling skies ;
The violet bank, the moss-fringed seat
Beneath the drooping tree,
The clock that chimed the hour to meet,
My buried love, with thee ; —

O, these are all before me, when
In fancy's realms I rove :
Why urge me to the world again ?
Why say, the ties of love,
That death's cold, cruel grasp has riven,
Unite no more below ?
I'll sing to him, — for, though in heaven,
He surely heeds my woe !

Sarah J. Hale.

I CAN TELL OF A HOME.

I CAN tell of a home, a fairy-like home,
And from thence soft visions of beauty come,
Like the mellow tints of hill and vale —
Like the balmy breath of the southern gale —

Like the music of waves in their moonlit dance,
Or a dream of delight which the spirit enchants.

I can think of the spot where, in childhood's glee,
I roved like the butterfly over the lea,
Or down by the side of the pebbly brook,
Where I gathered wild flowers from the grassy nook.
O, dear are the paths I was wont to roam —
But it is not there, my fairy-like home.

I have heard of a land where the dwellers are fair,
And birds of bright plumage enliven the air —
Where the citron, and orange, and pineapple grow,
And spicy the breath of the zephyrs that blow,
And the sky hath ever a summer-like bloom ;
But it is not there, my beautiful home.

Would ye find it? Then seek in a quiet spot,
Where the spirit of bitterness entereth not ;
Whose gems, undiminished in lustre, shall shine,
When lieth in ashes the gold of the mine.
From the turmoils of life there's quiet and rest ;
O, earth's fairest home is a chosen one's breast.

C F. C

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

THE great fact that is being developed in the present age is, *The Brotherhood of the Human Race*. Heretofore, man has given the highest significance to the intellectual element of his nature. He has put forth those powers of mind by which he judges of the causes of things, and the consequences of events; by which he discovers the nature of the elements, and learns to control their forces, and subdue them to his use; by which he is enabled to fathom the events of the past, and philosophize upon the affairs of the future. Intellectual power is that by which man stands before us clothed in the mysterious might of historian, philosopher, and poet; opening the abyss of the past, revealing the deep secrets of nature, and creating a world of imagination, and filling it with beautiful forms of things unknown, giving to each a "local habitation and a name." It is this gift, too, that overshadows the inventive genius of the world. It imparts to it a tough faculty for thinking, and beholds the curious improvements in the arts and the implements of industry which have added so much to the conveniences of life, and augmented so vastly the sources of human happiness. These all spring forth, like the full-armed Mi-

nerva, from the labors of capacious intellect, and help to give dignity to human nature.

But another element is now manifesting itself in our world, which imparts a diviner significance to human life ; — the moral element in man's nature — that which unites him with God and his fellow-man. It is the development of this moral element in man, that begins to gladden the present, and gives such bright promise for the future. Man, with a heart and a soul — man, the brother, the child of the common Father, a member of the same family, possesses a centralizing force, and we are drawn unto him by a power “ we could not resist if we would, and would not if we could.” This new fact of the brotherhood of our race, is breaking the bondage of selfishness, and is drawing the individual closer and closer into harmony with the great whole. Touched by its magnetic influence, man now feels the force of sympathy, gentleness, and love, and begins to see, and act, and live, as a brother of the common family. He realizes the connecting link that binds him to the lowest state of humanity, and, underneath all its outward forms he sees a common nature, and feels the throbbings of a common sympathy.

Every thing is prolific with the proofs of this higher development of man's nature. We behold it in the bounties of his benevolence, in the depths of his love, in the ministrations of his mercy, and in the wide reach of his charity, which breaks away from the

bounds of country and kindred, and sends up its petitions, and puts forth its energies, in behalf of the whole race. It goes with him, and garnishes his brow with beauty as he passes along the path of prosperity; it walks with him side by side in adversity, and, like a ministering spirit, it leads him along the track of the pestilence, gives him the glory of its own spirit, and makes him a minister of mercy to suffering and stricken humanity throughout the earth. And all this, because man begins to feel the ties of a common brotherhood, and is learning that the individual is one, and one only, of a great family.

But perhaps the best development of this divine idea may be seen in the reforms of the age. It infuses into them all the spirit of universality. It pleads for the right, and speaks boldly against the wrong, in high places and low. It throws around the sinful the chain of sympathy, and lifts him from his degradation and his crimes—it cries out against blood and death, whether on the battle-field or the scaffold, and asks for repentance, and mercy, and forgiveness—it lifts its voice on the floor of congress, and the slave in his chains hears it, and is hopeful and glad—it is borne on every breeze, and whispers peace and love.

The Brotherhood of the Human Race! Let this truth spread abroad, with its all-absorbing power, cementing the broken links of humanity, uniting the interests of

our race, until all selfishness and wrong shall be done away, and man, universal man, shall rise to that standard of perfection destined by a beneficent Creator.

B. M. Tillotson, (Manchester.)

TO A BACHELOR.

[The following is inserted as an offset to the Bachelor's Song.
Its authorship is unknown to the editor.]

Don't tell me you haven't got time,
That other things claim your attention,
There's not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention.
You may dream of poetical fame,
But the story may chance to miscarry ;
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, dear sir, is to marry !

At once, then, bid your doubting good-by,
And dismiss all fantastic alarms ;
I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye
That you ought to have had in your arms !
Some beautiful maiden — God bless her ! —
Unencumbered with pride or with pelf —
Of every true charm the possessor,
And given to no fault but yourself.

I could give you a bushel of reasons
For choosing the "double estate ;"
It agrees with all climates and seasons,
Though it may be adopted *too late*.
Then delay not a moment to win
A prize that's truly worth winning —
Celibacy, dear sir, is a sin,
And badly prolific of sinning.

Then there's the economy clear,
By poetical algebra shown ;
If your wife has a grief, or a tear,
One half, by the law, is your own.
And as to the joys, by division,
They somehow are doubled, 'tis said,
Though I never could see the addition
Quite plain in the item of bread.

Remember — I do not pretend
There's any thing perfect about it,
But this I'll maintain to the end,
Life's very *imperfect* without it.
'Tis not that there's poetry in it,
As doubtless there may be to those
Who know how to find and to spin it,
But I'll warrant you excellent prose.

Don't search for an angel a minute,
For suppose you succeed in the sequel,

After all, the deuce would be in it,
For the match would be highly unequal.
The angels, it must be confessed,
In *this* world are rather uncommon;
Yet I wish you a blessing twice blest —
Go marry a beautiful woman.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE GIRLS.

SEE how yon smiling sisters stand
To greet the sons who roam;
Each daughter waves her snowy hand,
To give the "welcome home!"
See how they form, with lips and eyes,
Hope's radiant band of pearls;
Match if you can, beneath the skies,
Our dear New Hampshire girls!
J. L. May
What though the autumn rain-drops freeze
Where those we love were born?
They win their beauty from the breeze,
Their vigor from the morn!
The tempests round their dwellings shout,
And howls November's storm;
For us their fires are never out,
Whose hearts are always warm.

Go forth, poor exiled youth, away,
Where other maidens dwell;
Come back, when all your locks are gray,
To those you loved so well.
Come back, though time has left you poor,
And all your sands have run —
There stands your mother at the door,
To clasp her darling son.

God bless the troop whose nightly prayers
Rise up for those who roam,
God bless them, 'mid their daily cares —
Those guardian saints of home!
Forget not, then, to mingle here
With wit and song your pearls,
And give the swelling heart's full cheer
For our New Hampshire girls!

J. T. Fields.

MY FIRST LOVE.

WHAT nature, if it possess the iota of a man in its composition, can resist the combined influences of an easy chair, a Spanish, and a glowing coal fire? I have been sitting for the last half hour, with my feet upon the fender, cogitating upon the strange perverseness of

human nature, till every particle of anger and misanthropy, drop by drop, has oozed from the inner man, and, in lieu thereof, a quiet and forgiving and generous spirit has settled upon the shattered altars of my affections. Surely "man is the paragon of animals." One moment exclaiming with the bitterness of Hamlet, "Man delights me not, nor woman neither;" the next, willing to embrace the universe in his love, and turning aside "to let the reptile live." Whose heart has not bled beneath the dagger thrusts of sarcasm and calumny? Who but, goaded by some besetting sin, has added to his brother's burden of human ills?

Alas! how little the world know of the length, breadth, height, and depth of the vast throng that move around us! How can our neighbor fathom the abyss of our hearts? How read the history of furrowed brows, or rightly interpret the reserved air and heartless mien?

They call me a bachelor, and so I am! . But I was not always the wolf upon the roof to be railed at by every passing kid. I have had my fancies — yes — and my loves too. They have been sacred reminiscences — almost breathing spirits, with which I have communed, and cherished in my heart of hearts as too holy for the profane comment of humanity. But the spell is broken, and I cast them forth, like loaves and fishes, to be devoured by the famishing curiosity of the multitude.

But I was not always as I am now. Once I had a loving spirit, and, as girls are more lovable than any thing else, it was natural that I should love them most. My first flame was a little miniature of the charming sex, generally of half a dozen summers, with large melting blue eyes, plump rosy cheeks, and, of course, sunny hair. How many, many times I have crept stealthily beneath the wooden benches of our old schoolhouse to where she lay sleeping, that I might gaze more closely upon her innocent face, and bend my cheek to catch the soft breath that stole from her lips. Poor cherub! I have stood many a time since by her little grave, and read over and over again the words upon her gravestone, until the letters, stone, and sod blended into one, and memory glided back through the long vista of years, checkered by errors and blasted hopes, until, a child again, I knelt fondly by the fairy form, long since mouldered to dust. O, how beautiful she was in her death-sleep! There was nothing in her simple muslin frock, and thick-clustering ringlets interwoven with the myrtle, to tell of the charnel-house. Her cheek even was not pale, and smiles lingered upon her lips. Heavily the clods rattled upon her coffin; and when the weeping mourners and careless multitude had all disappeared, I returned to the spot, and prostrating myself upon the broken sods, wept in the fulness of my soul. I had never seen death before, and now she, the dearest idol I had known, was its

victim. Then, tales I had heard of living burials were recalled, and with fresh agony I remembered how life-like she had looked, and listened breathlessly for some moan of returning consciousness.

Alas ! nothing was heard but the throbbings of my own bursting heart, and I groaned aloud, "She is dead — dead." The cold stars came out one by one, and then the moon looked sorrowfully down upon the newly made grave. But still I lay there, dreaming of the hours we had played side by side in childish innocence, of all the kind words she had spoken, the toys she had given me, the flowers I had toiled to gather for her, the lessons we had conned ; then came soothing recollections of the infantine prayers we had murmured with hands united ; and, as I unconsciously sobbed forth, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," softly, but distinctly, I heard my amen echoed, and the voice was Mary Lee's.

I had gone to that grave a boy, but I returned from it a man. My very being was changed. I am much older now ; but every pulsation of my young heart is engraved upon memory as with living fire ! Still in my private drawer, in a fancy envelope cut by her own hands, is a ringlet of soft fair hair — 'tis the hair of Mary Lee ! Tears ? Well, let them fall ; they are the first I have shed for years, and my soul will be purer for them. How mysteriously early affections cling to our spirits !

An Old Bachelor.

"WE'LL MEET AGAIN."

I ASKED if I should cherish still
Those dreams and hopes of earlier days,
When scarce I knew why on her face
I loved to gaze.

The hill looked down with calm delight,
While silence slumbered on the plain;
She only said, "Good night, good night!
We'll meet again."

Those random gifts should I preserve,
And deem each one of love a token,
The chance-plucked leaf — the sylvan flower,
Which she had broken?

O, would she linger in her walks
A moment by each favorite tree,
And gather violets from the turf,
As if for me?

A blush — a smile — that tone so slight,
I bent to catch — but all in vain;
I only heard — "Good night, good night!
We'll meet again."

And would she think, when groves were bare,
How kindly, in that solemn hour,
My holiest thoughts would cluster round
The withered flower ?

Her glance met mine — their deep reply
Those glistening eyes could not retain ;
Her glance told all : “ Good-by — good-by !
Fair girl ! we’ll meet again ! ”

Samuel T. Hildreth.

CONQUEST IS OURS.

CONQUEST is ours — o’er land and sea
Fling ye the banner out ;
Conquest is ours — the eagle bird
Her drooping pinion lightly stirred,
While from afar the sound was heard,
Conquest is ours !

Conquest is ours — a star has set,
A star in freedom’s crown ;
Far in the west, and over all,
Red war has hung its darksome pall ;
No mirth is heard in Mexico’s hall —
Conquest is ours !

Conquest is ours — in homes as fair,
Where hearts as true.
As yet New England ever knew,
Hushed is the song and revel now ;
Grief sits enthroned on many a brow —
Conquest is ours.

Conquest is ours — a nation stands
With mourning chaplets in her hands ;
And by an injured people's hate,
She vows that she will desolate
This northern land, so proudly great —
Conquest is ours.

Conquest is ours — nail to the mast,
Where they will wave in Freedom's blast,
The "*stars and stripes*," and write at last
In words of blood, that all may see
We've had a glorious victory,
Conquest is ours !

H. N. L.

HAMPTON BEACH.

THERE is beauty here — with "flashing eyes and
footsteps free" — buoyant, gladsome hearts, and spirits
light as air — beauty such as Nature made ; as yet un-

affected by the fooleries of fashion and of art — unpractised and untaught, save in the generous impulses of the soul. Here, too, is the beauty which society has made — enchased in gold and silver workmanship — that which shines but to conquer, and conquers but to torture. Gallantry is never wanting here — with form and step all firm — with gentle inclination of the head and graceful waving of the hand, ready to serve according to the laws of chivalry.

And here is the politician, with head well filled with facts, and pockets loaded down with speeches — the merchant, too, from his counting-room, and the mechanic from his shop, have come, each to snatch a day of rest and prepare anew for the labors of life. From city and from country they have gathered, from the upper and the lower ten thousand of society, and mingle here as members of one household and one brotherhood.

But it is not with man alone that we hold converse here, but with nature in her grandest aspect. If ever there is a moment of deep thought, of grand and sublime emotion, it is when we stand by the ocean side and gaze upon its ceaseless roll of waters. The sea is full of subjects for thought and feeling. Who can meditate, unmoved, on the treasures which float upon its bosom, or are entombed within its depths? Think of the ocean sprites, which romance and mythology have called up from "the deep, deep sea," or which

have walked in beauty on the "breast of the billow." Think of the sailor-boy, away from the home of his youth and the "friends that to him were so dear," going down to his silent but pearl-decked grave to sleep beneath a coral monument with the "immortals of the sea." Fancy clothes his lone resting-place with beauty; but there is a sadder thought in the circumstances of a death at sea. The wild commotion of nature all around — the gentle hand — the silent tear — the quiet footstep and the voice of love — these are not there.

The sea is full of majesty. How the mind is subdued by it, as if it were the visible presence of the Deity! In its composure, what an emblem of the beauty and purity of heaven! In its uproar and agitation, with what magnificent awe does it fill the soul! — obeying neither King Canute, nor any other king, save One. O secret sea!

"Thou hast pearls of price untold
To light thy airy cells,
And splendid wrecks and mines of gold
'Mid rainbow-colored shells."

J. O. Adams.

STANZAS.

I LOVE the memory of that hour
When first in youth I found thee ;
For infant beauty gently threw
A morning freshness round thee ;
A single star was rising there,
With mild and lovely motion ;
And scarce the zephyr's gentle breath
Went o'er the sleeping ocean.

I love the memory of that hour —
It wakes a pensive feeling,
As when within the winding shell
The playful winds are stealing ;
It tells my heart of those bright years,
Ere hope went down in sorrow,
When all the joys of yesterday
Were painted on to-morrow.

Where art thou now ? Thy once-loved flowers
Their yellow leaves are twining,
And bright and beautiful again
That single star is shining.

But where art thou? The bended grass
A dewy stone discloses,
And love's light footsteps print the ground
Where all my peace reposes.

Farewell! My tears were not for thee;
'Twere weakness to deplore thee,
Or vainly mourn thine absence here,
While angels half adore thee.
Thy days were few and quickly told;
Thy short and mournful story
Hath ended like the morning star,
That melts in deeper glory.

O. W. B. Peabody.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

HARK ye! for I come from the cold-streaming north,
With the blackness of tempests I hurry me forth,
And the sound of my pinions ye hear in the sky —
Lo! where I am coming! I am nigh — I am nigh!
My wing is of fleetness and speedeth in wrath,
To blight and destroy on its desolate path;
And far as I swoop over valley and hill,
Old Earth in her mantle wags darkened and chill;

And they of the forest and they of the plain,
Lie crimsoned and scattered like warriors slain ;
Their host it hath perished on mountain and lea,
As sleets of the winter that fall in the sea.

O Autumn ! how dreary and dark is thy shrine !
For the breath of my nostril hath blighted thy vine ;
Thy garland is faded, thy proud reign is passed,
And thou must lie down with thy sister at last !
But, maiden, I'll work thee a burial shroud,
All dark as the tempest and broad as the cloud ;
And far as I sweep on the desolate lea
I'll waken a dirge o'er thy sisters and thee,
And thou shalt repose, like a death-smitten bride,
All reft of her glory, her passion, and pride.

My trump on the mountains ! my trump has been heard,
And the deep, dim forests its echoes have stirred,
And the billow that roared to the land from the main
I've chained to its rock with an adamant chain ;
And the far-sounding breaker, so fearful and wild,
I'll tame for the sport of the mariner's child.

O, heard ye the cry of the poor and the lone,
As their thin cheeks bled to my fingers of stone ?
'Tis abroad ! 'tis abroad ; and the legend of fear
Still floats like a curse to the reveller's ear.
As I rode in the storm on the bitter cold air,
I heard through the darkness a cry of despair ;

It swept on the blast from a hut on the moor
To the rich man's dwelling, and knocked at his door.
He heard not the call, for the viols were loud,
And the beat of the dancers was rapid and proud ;
He heard not the cry that was uttered in vain,
And bade them strike up with a merrier strain.
The feast it was spread on the sumptuous board,
And the song it was sung, and the wine it was poured,
Nor dreamt they the wail through the casement that
 passed
Was aught but the shriek of the wandering blast.

But when the far mountains the red morn had dyed,
And the rich man came down from his mansion of
 pride,
His heavy eye fell on a golden-haired child
That sat on his threshold that bleak morn, and smiled !
He called to it kindly — it spoke not a word,
And he shook like a leaf by the autumn wind stirred ;
For her blue eye looked with a passionate stare,
And the white snow was wreathed with her beautiful
 hair.

One little hand held the rude cloak to her form,
While the other was raised in rebuke to the storm.
She heaved not a sigh, and she breathed not a moan ;
Her bosom was marble — her heart it was stone !
The suffering smile on her fair cheek that lay
Had parted her lips in its innocent play,

For her pure spirit passed from that threshold of sin,
While her meek ear was turned to the viols within !

Lo ! my brood, where it sweeps from the far frozen pole !
Up ! haste ye away to the famishing soul !
Wait ye by the gates of the poor and forlorn,
Where the young mother weeps o'er her earliest born ;
Ay, wait and be blessed, till ye pass to that shore
Where the cry of the orphan is lifted no more ;
Where a princely reward to the righteous is sure,
And the FATHER of mercies *remembers the poor.*

J. Q. A. Wood.

IMMORTALITY.

WE follow a beloved one to the grave. The voice, to whose words of wisdom or to whose innocent prattle we have often listened, is silenced ; the eyes that beamed upon us in love, are closed ; and the limbs of beauty or strength are stiff and motionless. We pay the last tribute of respect, deposit the lifeless clay, and return to our desolate home. How naturally does the question arise, Shall we ever behold that one again ? Is there future being to man ?

Question philosophy, which has ever claimed to be

man's guide, and what is the reply? Turn we to her oldest instructors, who lived in the dayspring of the world — the wise men of the East. They recognized, indeed, the doctrine of the soul's immortality, but it was only as a part of the great soul of the universe, issuing from it at man's birth, and reabsorbed into it at his death. Consult the Grecian sages. Many of them wholly denied the soul's future existence. Those who did not alternated between hope and fear, speaking at one time as from the skies, and at another uttering the language of the sepulchre. Some few maintained that the soul would for a while possess an individual being after death, now sleeping in the chambers of the departed, and now going forth to dwell in the body of a man or of a brute. But even these believed in ultimate absorption. Nor was Roman philosophy less conjectural and uncertain. Cicero, its brightest ornament, who reasoned well and cogently upon the subject, after stating the many and conflicting opinions which had been held, thus remarks: "Which of them is true, God only knows, and which is most probable, is a very great question." Alas! heathen philosophers, and all mere human philosophers, are here distressed with painful and perplexing doubt. However eagerly and laboriously they may have sought to learn man's fate, as he drops into the grave, vain and fruitless have been their efforts.

Interrogate reason. She teaches that the soul is dis-

tinct from the matter of which the body is composed ; that, unlike matter, which, however it is changed, and into whatever forms of beauty it is cast, remains inert and senseless, it can think, and that its thoughts move more rapidly than the speed of light. Intimate as is its connection with the body, yet is not the latter necessary to its action, to its enjoyment, or to its suffering ? The powers of the one are sometimes just sinking into decay, when the faculties of the other are displaying their utmost vigor. She asks, then, and asks with great pertinency, Why should death, which is but the dissolution of flesh and sinews and bones, be the destruction of the living agent ? Nay, she goes farther. All created beings that we know, from the smallest insect upwards through all grades, reach the highest improvement of which they are capable. But man does not, if he lives not again. May we believe that God thus deals with his noblest workmanship ? Has a Being of infinite wisdom bestowed such lofty mental endowments and vast capacities, as characterize man, upon the creature of a day ?

Inquire of nature. Her universal voice speaks forth in the instinctive horror with which all, even the humblest and the most debased, recoil from the thought of annihilation, in the ardent longing for perpetuity of being, and the strong presentiment of it which they feel. Man's immortality has always been the common belief of the mass. It has sprung, perhaps, from the

obvious necessity of a future righteous retribution, inasmuch as none such takes place upon the earth. Hence it has ever been connected with an impression that the good and the bad would dwell in different abodes. Poets have used this common belief to weave the wildest pictures, and philosophers have made it the foundation for the most absurd and dreamy speculations. Still it has existed in the minds of men, and no force of argument, no subtile sophistry, has been able to eradicate it.

Listen to revelation. Even its ancient teachings hint, not very obscurely, at the great truth, and many glimmerings of it appear in its historic and prophetic writings. The light which they shed upon it, indeed, was dim and flickering; yet was it brightness itself, when compared with the gloom of Pagan teaching.

The immortality of the soul is clearly mirrored in the mission of Christ. It were surely absurd to suppose that such events as his coming into our world, so heralded as it was by angel bands, so wondrous in all its aspects, and his death, which robed the heavens in mourning and made all nature groan, would have transpired to save the soul, if its being were limited to time's short space and circumscribed by the narrow bounds of earth. The hosanna of praise that was heard upon the plains of Bethlehem, the homage that was paid to the infant Redeemer by the Jewish world in the persons of the shepherds, and by the Gentile

world in that of the wise men ; the voice of Jehovah proclaiming his sonship at the baptismal waters of Jordan, and upon the mount of transfiguration ; nay, every drop that he sweat in the garden, and every groan which he uttered upon the cross, then, loudly declare man's immortality to man.

It stands forth, prominently, in his teachings and in those of his disciples. Hear him, as he unanswerably replies to the materialists of his day : " As touching the dead, that they rise, have ye not read in the book of Moses, how in the bush God spake unto him, saying, I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob ? God is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living." Hear him, as he encourages his disciples in the prospect of predicted persecution by the words, " Fear not those who kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." Kill the soul ! The suicide may put an end to his earthly existence, the murderer may cause life's pulse to cease its beating, and fanaticism may do what it will to the body ; but the soul no human power can touch.

No less explicit is the language of his disciples. A primary article in their creed — one which nerved them to endure affliction, to face persecution, to die upon the scaffold or at the stake — was this : " Absent from the body and present with the Lord." They were assured, and they have assured us, that death has no power over the soul. Nay, in their view, to the Chris-

tian, it is the friendly hand which opens its prison-door, and permits it to soar to its native sky — the removal of the barrier which keeps it from its highest honor, its truest, purest bliss.

Who were they whom John saw, when before him appeared in vision at Patmos a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne of the Lamb, clad in robes of white, and bearing palms in their hands? Were they not the hosts of the redeemed, who, "come out of great tribulation," now live in bliss? Whom did he see beneath the altar? Were they not the souls of those who were slain upon earth for the word of God and the testimony which they bore — Christ's martyred ones, who now dwell where bigotry cannot reach them, where persecution and suffering have forever ceased?

We are not, then, left to spell out the soul's immortality by the light of nature, nor are we called to follow the dubious fancies and the conjectural uncertainties of philosophy. It is attested by a voice from heaven, it is affirmed by Him whose word is eternal truth.

T. O. Lincoln.

THE VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL.

ONE cheer for our fatherland, ere we depart,
As the Switzer's own mountain-home dear to the
heart!

One sigh for the sad ones — the loved ones — we leave;
Then, brothers, away, for 'tis folly to grieve.

We are leaving the land of the mountain and pine,
We are bound for the land of the orange and vine,
Where the blossom perpetual enamels the sod,
And the incense of nature breathes ever to God.

But, alas! 'tis the land of the despot and slave,
Awaiting the aid of the free and the brave;
Though grandeur and beauty clothe mountains and
plains,

There liberty languishes — anarchy reigns.

Then onward! the laurels that others have won
Are blooming for us in the clime of the sun!
The arm that's invincible still wields the blade,
And he that "*surrenders not*" calls for our aid.

On, brothers — our vows were plighted to-day
To glory — the mistress who calls us away.

To the bridal we hasten ; where fiercest the fight
The war-god is waiting to witness the rite !

Our couch we may press 'mid the rush of the storm,
And the battle's blue smoke may our bridal-wreath
form ;

But the soldier's remembrance is hallowed and dear,
Though the laurel may deck — not the brow — but the
bier.

Mrs. S. R. A. Barnes.

OUR FACTORY GIRLS.

It has been the business of an honorable senator in congress to institute comparisons between the factory operatives of the north and the black slavery of the south — to allude to a class of "day laborers," as being subjected to a "horrid tyranny, compared with which the southern slave is happy indeed," seven tenths of whom are females — New England females — educated from early childhood in the school of liberty ; and, having learned the lessons and imbibed all the principles of a just equality, they acknowledge no man as a master. Possessing all the elements of a laudable independence, they scorn the tyrant, and despise slavery in all its horrid and complicated forms, as being the

"upas of the moral world, under whose pestiferous shade all intellect languishes, and all virtue dies." The senator, however, would allude to our northern laborers in a spirit of commiseration. For this we thank him. Such a sympathy is most kind; but, in truth, we must say, that we require neither his sympathy nor his influence in alleviating our condition. We are the arbiters of our own fortunes. Our time is our own, our earnings are our own; and we are happy and contented in the sphere in which an all-wise Providence has called us to act.

Yes, we thank him for such expressions of sympathy; but we would rather that his commiseration should be lavished on those degraded beings who make up a part of his constituency, and who are now groaning under the lash of cruel and relentless taskmasters. If his commiseration has resulted in tears, let them flow in a channel, broad and deep, at the base of the altar of slavery, until they shall form a mighty flood that shall undermine the disgraceful fabric reared in blood and tears, and baptized with the immolation of human victims. Were we the wretches his deluded fancy has painted, we might deserve his sympathy. But if, in point of talent, education, moral virtue, integrity of purpose, refinement of sentiment — if, in all that constitutes the sum total of female accomplishments, to say nothing of personal attractions, the female operatives of New England will not

bear a comparison with the wives and daughters of the south, then most assuredly we have never been so fortunate as to behold a specimen of their first quality, yet we *have* seen southern ladies, whose pretensions would lead us to believe that they were richly entitled to all the claims of superiority.

I speak from acquaintance. Many of our female operatives are self-taught. Hundreds go out from our manufacturing villages yearly to the south and west, as teachers, and are encouraged so to do by Christians and philanthropists, as being preëminent, not for their beauty alone — for this dwells only in the lustre of a well-cultivated mind — but for their moral, religious, and scientific attainments; and, judging from long experience, I have no hesitation in saying, that in point of health, general intelligence, and all that pertains to the moral and social virtues, as a class, they will not suffer in comparison with any others on the globe. That I may be sustained in my assertion, you have only to visit our mills. Go into any or all of the different departments of labor, and you will not only be greeted with bright eyes and smiling faces, but you will observe that neatness, order, and the utmost circumspection prevail; and, my word for it, your ears will not be pained with words of crimination, or with boisterous faultfinding; but, on the contrary, will be found the utmost courtesy and mutual good feelings, and a scrupulous regard for each other's interests.

Should you visit us, you will find us busily engaged in our usual avocations. Nor do we wish to disguise the fact that we are the "sons and daughters of toil." We have been educated from our infancy in the habits of industry, and we have learned to discover in labor — *free* labor — a dignity, which, in our view, makes even toil itself an intrinsic virtue. Literally it may be said of us, that we "eat our bread by the sweat of the brow." But, "we do not live on bread alone." There are various sources from which we can derive nutriment for the mind as well as the body. We attend religious worship. Most of us are teachers or scholars in the Sabbath school. We have also access to extensive libraries, and frequently attend popular lectures before the lyceum. Besides, we take "the papers," even write for them occasionally, read political speeches, and censure and applaud as we please the efforts of our public servants in congress, as their political principles do or do not comport with our ideas of right and wrong; and, when stigmatized as slaves, we take an honest pride in hurling back the foul aspersion into the very face and eyes of him who dares to utter it. And here let me admonish the senator, that he has undertaken an herculean task, if he thinks to fasten upon the Yankee girls of New England the opprobrious epithet of "slaves," by any comparison which he can conjure up, or dream of in his philosophy.

Nancy P. Healey.

THE OLD GRANITE STATE.

WHEN our old state was new,
Now some two hundred years,
The people were but few,
As by story plain appears ;
But the folks were real gritty,
As all our records show,
Though they'd neither town nor city,
Two hundred years ago.

Their rocks were truest granite,
Their hills of mountain size,
The soil, none nobler man it
Beneath more genial skies.
The red man soon knocked under,
And the knocking wasn't slow ;
It was real Yankee thunder,
Two hundred years ago.

The moose browsed o'er the mountain,
The wolf prowled through the dell,
The wild deer sought the fountain,
And the bear his wintry cell ;

The salmon leaped the waterfall,
And, with shad, were "all the go" —
So plenty, that they'd come at call,
Two hundred years ago.

The times have strangely altered,
Since our history began,
But Old Time has never faltered
In reproducing man.
And the product has been glorious,
As every age will show,
Though things were less uproarious,
Two hundred years ago.

We'd true New England mothers,
To give us a fair start,
Who'd compare with any others
In the skill to make us *smart*.
With our fathers we'll not quarrel —
As to *pa*, we're not below ;
Though the birch usurped the laurel,
Two hundred years ago.

When our old state was new,
Our learning was but small,
With the masters very few,
And scarce mistresses at all.

"Young ideas" were taught "to shoot"
But at Indians, bears, and so,
With little foretaste of such fruit,
Two hundred years ago.

George Kent.

A SKETCH.

ALMOST every body in this state knows General Wilson by the familiar but not very elegant cognomen, "Long Jim." Still, there is more meaning, appropriateness, in it than a fastidious ear might be aware of. "Long" he certainly is—though not an Anak, nor stretched to the immeasurable length of "Long John of Chicago." And, to his credit be it said, he is one of those unsophisticated and unstarched men who may be *Jimmed* without offending their delicacy or detracting from their dignity. There are some such men who boast no royal pride, but pass along, in republican simplicity, claiming the humblest citizen as a brother, and saying to the highest, as Black Hawk did to the president, "I am a man, and you are another." "Don't *thee* and *thou* us," said the pompous justices of England to the plain, blunt Quaker, Fox. "Use such familiarities to our *servants*, but not to

magistrates," said they. And a good deal of that royal stiffening has crept down into the veins of these democratic times. The Quakers used to take WASHINGTON by the hand, while president of the United States, and address him, as Penn had the king before, simply as "George." The great man seemed rather pleased with a greeting which bespoke the fraternizing affection of home, and often reciprocated it with the like simplicity of a brother. Some little sprig of aristocracy, better furnished with broadcloth than brains, would have represented a familiarity that made him but "common clay."

But not to dwell on these things, it must be admitted that General Wilson is distinguished, in an eminent degree, for simple, unostentatious habits in his intercourse, and unvarying courtesy of demeanor. He probably feels that he is a man, and not an ape. Not a mere buckram fop or dandy — one of those precious things, so numerous in sunny weather, that

"Present a body which, at most,
Is less substantial than a ghost."

Had Robert Burns been an orator instead of a poet, there would have been a very striking resemblance between him and General Wilson. And there is reason for this; for the latter is of Scottish descent, and his veins are full of Scotch feeling and fire, tempered with that earnest, Irish enthusiasm, which he derives from

one branch of his ancestral line. Those who know any thing of the noble-hearted, strong-willed poet, will see very strong points of resemblance between them. The same wild scenes of nature, the same

“Land of the mountain and the flood,
Of dark brown heath and shaggy wood,”

first opened alike to their youthful eyes. Burns, in his boyhood, followed the plough, and pressed his wild, free feet to the old Caledonian hills ; while the American boy bent to the same rustic employment, and learned freedom like him in *our* beloved Scotland. The same free, generous, and impetuous spirit that swelled in the bosom of one, now characterizes the other. Alike in disdaining the pompous folly of lordly life and the “rattling equipage” of wealth and fashion, the same glorious spirit of independence that Burns worshipped, as “lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,” is equally the idol of the New Hampshire orator. If the music of the one fell like a transcendent charm upon the Scottish ear, no less potent, in a different capacity, is the voice of the other to stir the pulse or win the heart. The same martial fire, the same restless and indignant hatred of tyranny, that burned in the Scotchman’s veins, now runs in the American’s.

Compare them physically, and the same resemblance is apparent ; — with an exception, however, for the eye of Burns was the most distinctive feature of his face.

Poetry lingered in its radiance ; and when the bard felt the struggling of that mighty nature within him, his eye is said to have burned and kindled with an "almost insufferable light." In General Wilson, the same feature is often lighted up with terrible power. To a stranger, General Wilson would not appear the lion he actually is when aroused and in the midst of one of his impassioned strains of eloquence — as Lamb has said of books — that *is* eloquence. He would then be taken for some hard-faced ploughman, ungifted with that "mighty magic" which puts a tongue in every thing and leads an assembly captive. I have attended public meetings when he was to address the people, and noted the curious inquiries and sage remarks of those who had never before seen him, and knew nothing of his powers as a speaker. Plainly attired, and in the most unstudied manner, he would enter the house and sit in modest carelessness awaiting the gathering of his audience. No stranger eye would be fixed on him as the hero of the scene. "Where is he?" would be the inquiry. "There he is — that coarse-looking man, bending forward, with the aspect of a long 'Vermont Jonathan,'" would be the reply. "*That* General Wilson? — why, he don't look as though he could say any thing. See there! I guess your phrenology is all knocked in the head now. He looks like an old plough-jogger." Such would be the comments. But he speaks — at first with that simplicity and courteous

phraseology that distinguishes the gallant man always. He stretches himself up — raises his stentorian voice as he warms with his subject — period upon period goes rolling out upon the audience, and echoing back and up like the ocean tones of the sea. The orator seems laboring and dashing forward like one of those "oak leviathans" of the deep, crushing the haughty waves beneath its keel, and wrestling onward against the tempest. It is then you begin to realize the awakening of that "dormant thunder" which you so little dreamed was sleeping in that awkward form and unpromising aspect. You are borne onward by the impetuous current, or stirred by some startling picture of political folly or aggravated wrong, until it would seem as though the old dead had been summoned back to rebuke the living.

But in all this there is no ungenerous taunt — no flippant blackguardism — no impeachment of his opponent's motives or abilities, but an exhibition of the loftier and better feelings. In this respect General Wilson occupies a more elevated position than most of the political orators of the day. He scorns the tricks and slang of the demagogue. He never descends to them. His language is chosen with even the nice taste of the scholar; and while his periods oftentimes exhibit a peculiar beauty and finish, they are full of energy and charmed with fire — "as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer clouds." He never caters to that

vulgar appetite which riots in abusive epithet and unmanly detraction. Nor does he ever stoop to repel the base attack and calumny so rife in partizan warfare. But he stands up like the storm-defying pillar, that mocks alike the fury of the tempest and the wave, and he bears his head aloft into the sunshine and bids them beat on.

Moses A. Cariland.

STANZAS.

ADOWN the track of bygone years,
From whence our lives have sped,
How many fair and grand ideas
Among its tombs are dead ;
Though once in smiling beauty born,
And nurtured in the mind,
They've passed like clouds in dewy morn,
And left no trace behind.

If every errant, flitting thought,
That sweeps the teeming brain
In tempting show, could all be caught
And bound in memory's chain,

O, what a store of precious lore,
To hold in stern command ! —
More dear than piles of golden ore,
Or pearls from ocean strand.

They come, they go, those flitting forms,
We loved so passing well ;
Each treasured glance, each breathing tone,
Has left its magic spell —
Yet, O, the thronging memories
That live within the past ! —
That come in dreams too beautiful --
Too beautiful to last.

M.

ULTRAISM.

THE great mass of mankind are groping their way in the dark, not daring to push forward their investigations and researches with that spirit, promptness, and energy which truth demands. They skim along the surface of the great ocean of truth and eternal principles, pleased with what a superficial effort brings to their knowledge and understanding. This is the condition of the world, and the only difference between

the masses and the ultraists, as they are called, is this: While the former are satisfied with their superficial knowledge of men and things, the latter probe the matter to the quick, and will not relinquish their labors until they fully master the subject under consideration. The ultraist goes beyond his fellows. He soars higher, digs deeper, and extends his observations further than the multitude. Hence he is called a visionary, a wild schemer, a fanatic, an ultraist. But to the *true man* these are no terms of reproach. They are but words of cheer and encouragement, as can be clearly illustrated by a thousand facts drawn from the ponderous pages of history.

Men may be ultra in science, politics, religion, and letters; and yet, when the world comes to understand the views and opinions which are thought to make men ultra in their notions, it will sanction and approve them all. Nay, farther. The world will adopt them and call them all its own, and wonder that it should so long have been kept in ignorance. How many men of science have been denounced as being ultra in their opinions. When Copernicus, after long and wearied hours, months, and years, broached the simple doctrine that the sun was the centre of the solar system, and that the earth was a secondary body, revolving around it at a great distance, and turning daily upon its own axis, he was persecuted and denounced as an ultraist, and his doctrines were represented as danger-

ous to the church and community. And yet the Copernican system of astronomy is the true one, and is now universally adopted. The world, following in the footsteps of Copernicus, have all become astronomical ultraists. What a comment on human blindness and bigotry !

As an example of religious ultraism that has now become popular, look at the sublime and glorious system of Christianity, which is rapidly working its way to the hearts and consciences of men. When its Founder made his appearance on the earth, clothed with the plain simplicity of the truth, and armed with the simple power of the gospel, he was mocked, persecuted, insulted, and slain, merely because he was an ultraist. He looked at things as they were, called them by their right names, rebuked the evils and vices of the age, and plainly declared to men the true system of earthly greatness and glory. How was he received ? Let history answer. His ultra doctrines, as they were termed by the ignorant and superstitious crowd, brought down upon his head all the vengeance of kings, priests, and the rabble. With one voice they cried out, "Crucify him ! crucify him !" and accordingly he suffered all the terrible agonies of the cross, between two malefactors. In a like manner, his ultra disciples suffered martyrdom and death in the most cruel and horrible forms. And yet these ultra doctrines, as they were reproachfully termed, have lived and flourished

for more than eighteen centuries. And this very day, there are thousands and millions who embrace these doctrines, in the love of truth, and who glory in that providence of God which gave the world such a sublime system of faith and religious practice. O, how much of good has been done in the world by the holy mission of Christianity! How many broken and sorrowful hearts has it healed up with its balmy truths! How many orphans' and widows' tears has it dried away! And how much of Christian love and peace has it begotten in the hearts of men! The world owes its great moral Founder a debt of everlasting gratitude for the gift of Christianity.

But there is one more proof that ultraism is only the demonstration of the truth before the people are prepared to receive it. By a combination of the most singular and remarkable circumstances recorded in the annals of history, the continent of America was discovered and settled by Europeans. For long and weary years, our hardy forefathers endured the toils and labors of a new country, exposed to the ravages of famine, disease, and a sleepless enemy. They knew no rest or peace, except that peace of mind which flows from conscious integrity and virtuous actions. They came here to enjoy the freedom of religion and politics. Escaping from the immediate jurisdiction and oppressions of a cruel monarchy, they soon began to see and feel the necessity of social and political reform.

They began to realize the beauties of human equality and freedom, and ardently to desire a more just and liberal government. A collision took place between the colony and the mother country, which was protracted through a seven years' war, and which terminated in the glorious victory of the American forces. A new government was established upon principles as immutable as truth itself. The fundamental truths of that constitution which is now the admiration of the whole world, were denounced as ultra and visionary in the extreme. And yet these ultra political doctrines have stood for more than fifty years as monuments of human wisdom. They cannot die. Our country may fall into the dust, and take its place among the dead republics of the old world; but the ultra doctrines of the immortal Declaration of American Independence will live as long as the great heart of humanity shall beat and the sons of freedom shall cherish the love of liberty. Human rights and human equality begin now to be understood, and the doctrines of self-government are so universally believed, that no one thinks of calling them ultra in their nature or tendency. The signers of this Declaration, once denounced as ultra political aspirants, are now admired and loved as the fathers of American liberty.

Away, then, with the foolish and timid idea, that ultraism is a term of reproach and disgrace. It is not so. The term ultraist, used in the sense in which we employ

it, means only the man who has seized hold of the truth, while the multitudes are groping about in darkness. We like such ultraism as this, and our heart is rejoiced that there are ultra spirits abroad in the world, preparing it for the more speedy and general diffusion of scientific, political, and religious truth.

Joseph Kidder.

THE DOOMED RACE.

Ax, true ! ye have waned like the phantom hosts
Of morn on the misty lea ;
Your arrow's sharp hurtle hath left our coasts,
The splash of your oars our sea ;
Where Metacom strode in his chieftain pride
The wigwam is seen no more ;
And long, long ago hath the council-fire died
On the Old Dominion's shore.

Your trail o'er the green Alleghanian vales
Is the track of the evening dew,
And the war-whoop that swells on the prairie gales
Is the wail of the faint and few.
Ye know ye are doomed — a perishing race,
Like the leaves of the autumn blast ;
Ye know that the Saxon is waiting your place,
And ye must belong to the past.

The arm of the red chief is weary of blood —
His heart is forgetting its hate ;
Too long hath he striven to baffle the flood
Of swift and remediless fate.
He bows to the current he may not stem
With a spirit all torn and crushed ;
And he will find pity where men condemn,
When his dying moan is hushed.

Alas for ye, people of little light !
Your prowess so stern and wild,
Your few simple virtues will pass, and night
Envelop the forest child ;
And history alone in some mouldy arch
Enshrine the lost Indian brave : —
O, sad is the thought that mind's triumph march
Must be o'er a nation's grave !

Mrs. Case.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

THE hurry and bustle of the day had given place to comparative quiet, for it was midnight in the imperial city. The Forum was deserted, except by a few scattered sleepers, who reclined around the statues, or in the shadows of the porticos. The Jew had crouched

away in his comfortless abode — the brawling gladiator was shut in his nightly prison. The husbandman had returned to his villa with the proceeds of his sales. There was no hum of buyer or seller in the bookstalls of the Sigillaria, no gay laughter from the baths, no shout from the Campus Martius, no merry peal from the public schools. Occasionally, a figure glided silently along, a chariot whirled swiftly by, or a reveller, reeling homeward, sang fragments of Fescennine songs. Here and there the rays of a lamp streaming through the lattice revealed a copyist still grasping his reed, or the journalist preparing the news-sheet for the morrow, and sometimes, too, a weary student came forth from the library of Lucullus to breathe the air of the Circæan gardens.

All was still in the palace of Cæsar. The banquet was over. The mirthful echoes had died in the stately hall, and the jewelled wine-cups gleamed faintly amidst the withered garlands. The guests had departed — some to their cell-like dormitories, some to the cool marble floors, or the brim of the soothing fountains. For that brief hour even the slave was at rest. The porter and his dog lay down together. The captive Greek, the sullen Sard, the dark-hued Numidian, the supple child of the Asian coast, followed undisturbed the changes of a dream, bright, perchance, with the temple of Feronia and the cap of liberty.

Closing a suite of lofty rooms was one yet more

elaborately finished and more lavishly adorned. In it was no trace of the early Romans. Their stern simplicity had vanished before the sudden influx of foreign wealth. Planned for luxurious ease and elegant retirement, it provided alike for the softness of the Oriental and the highest wants of the scholar. Upon one side lay the garden, separated from it by curtains of brilliant dyes looped up to admit the wind freighted with perfume. It had been wandering at will over the sweet domain, where, grouped in glowing clusters, twining about sculptured pillars, or climbing over the curving brim of urns and vases, grew flowers of every tint, and vines with their clasping tendrils. There twinkled the glossy foliage of the ilex — there stood the richly dyed arbutus and the graceful myrtle. There bloomed the orange and the lemon, the anemone and the bright cistus, the rose and the violet, the aloe, and the red gilliflower of the rock. There waved the palm, there rustled the gray olive and the bee-loved lime. And all was so fair, so fresh, with the spray-drops forever falling from the innumerable jets, and the tranquil moonlight brightening as with a thought of love each stem and leaf, each bud and blossom. In between columns of transparent alabaster came the beams also. Silently they stole over the mosaics of the floor — silently crept along the marble walls — silently kindled the rare paintings, each a nation's boast — silently lingered amidst the carvings of the arched and pan-

elled roof. Partly in strong relief, partly in deep shadow, stood noble busts and faultless statues, and upon stands of careful workmanship were piles of exquisitely finished trifles, gathered with violence from conquered provinces.

A table, covered with the evidences of literary toil, was drawn quite to the edge of the garden, and beside it was an open *capsa*, filled with choice writing implements. At a little distance stood a massive chair, whose framework of scented wood was wholly covered with curious patterns inlaid with ivory and gold. In it sat the master of the mansion — the master of Rome. The quivering leaves of a neighboring orange-bough made a perpetual dance of light and gloom over his features, yet it was easy to see that he was still in his prime. His complexion in youth, even femininely fair, was bronzed by sun and storm; but he still wore the air of unrivalled elegance which had made him the admiration of the Roman fashionables. Still his lips retained their voluptuous, passion-breathing swell. Still his fiery eye glanced with the stern authority which dazzled and controlled.

"The vow of my boyhood is fulfilled," he said at length. "I am first in Rome. The world is at my feet. Britain and Gaul, Spain and Macedonia, Syria and Numidia, all, from the misty home of the northern storms to the burning suns of the far south, lie subdued before me. I have triumphed! I shall never

be forgotten ! When my chariot shall have disappeared from the Capitol, when my statue, riven from its sphere, shall have lost its inscription — ‘ Cæsar the demigod ’ — ay, through all time, shall the ambitious man, be he statesman, general, or scholar, study my career and emulate my victories.”

There was exultation in the speaker’s mien, but it passed away. The voice of flattery was afar ; the shout of the multitude echoed not in the stillness. Only the tender, thought-inspiring Night looked on the proud imperator. Softly she embraced him ; gradually she led him from thoughts of the world’s greatness, and the world’s glory, back into himself. With gentle force she compelled him to listen to the voice of his prisoned soul. Alas ! it spoke but of disappointment, of weariness, of regret. Always in advance of the step just attained, it still struggled upward, and found nothing whereunto to cling. It called aloud for the true, the lofty, the imperishable. It refused to acknowledge, as its dower, the baubles of an earthly heritage. Dimly conscious of its affinity with the pervading spirit of the universe, it demanded unceasingly a higher goal. As the setting of the sun leaves the snow-crested hill-top cold and lone, so from his place of pride vanished the fitful splendor cast on it by the visions of his wild ambition. Restless and unhappy, he exclaimed bitterly, “ Has the fierce struggle, the indomitable will, the unflagging toil, the blood of

five hundred battle-fields, the sack of a thousand cities, brought me but this? It is a mockery — a dream — a fable! Can this be all?"

He peered eagerly into the future. A star might, perchance, shine upon it, fraught with a nobler promise. His restless heart, might it not be quieted? His vague, yet passionate yearnings, might they not be stilled? No; for that was the proud man's punishment. His youthful vigor, his fresh affections, his strength of purpose, had been given unto earth, and of earth's fleeting joys must he partake, yet remain unsatisfied. The path up to truth and virtue might not be trodden by such impeded footsteps. Vanity and pride, the world-worship that had grown intense with time, were mightier than the momentary impulse. On would they urge him through the coming years, still seeking, still pursuing, still casting aside the toy which had faded in the grasping. And the end! Afar in the darkness gleamed redly the flames of his funeral pile. They breathed scorchingly upon him — they crept around and embraced him. He shuddered at his mortality, for his soul was sullied. From the goal he had attained, he looked upward, upward to the goal he might have won. With a slight shiver, he drew back in the stately chair, which was the symbol of his high office, and covering his face, he exclaimed once more. "It is a mockery — a dream — a fable! Can this be all?"

The morning star trembled on the horizon. The eastern sky kindled into light. The sun shone gloriously upon Rome, and changed to gold the waves of the yellow Tiber. Again the busy multitude poured like a flood through this vast mart of nations. Again the passions of men, strengthened by repose, started into activity, and violence and deceit were rife in the great city. Forgetful of the sober thoughts of his midnight musings, Cæsar went forth. Again he addressed himself to the task of conquest; and the historian who records his weariness of spirit, also chronicles his insane ambition with its dark reward.

M. G. Sleeper, (Haverhill.)

TO THE YOUNG.

It is well at times, and often, for the young to pause and consider well the season of youth, and exercise that prudent forethought so necessary to insure a safe and happy voyage over the sea of human life. The inexperienced pilot, when first the freighted vessel is placed in his care, will often cast a forward glance upon the sea, to catch, if possible, the first appearance of danger, in order to avoid what might otherwise

have caused his ruin. So the young, standing in the vestibule of this busy world, just ready to launch off upon the open sea, should cast forward and catch the first sound of the distant breakers, and avoid the rocks and quicksands that lie in the way. So wisdom dictates; for however bright the morning of life may appear — though the sky may be cloudless and the sea unruffled — yet, as the ocean at times is swept by the wing of the tempest, and its waters ploughed into mountain waves, so the sea of human life must be disturbed by the tempests of disappointment, and the storms of misfortune will roll over it, making shipwreck of the unwise and improvident, and, to some extent, blasting the hopes and anticipations of the wisest and best.

“Life is a sea — how fair its face,
How smooth its dimpling waters pace,
Its canopy how pure!
But *rocks* below — and *tempests* sleep
Insidious o’er the glassy deep,
Nor leave an hour secure.”

There is a work to be accomplished in the morning of life — a work of paramount importance. I am aware that the season of youth has been, and now is, too generally regarded as a sort of play-day — a period having but little responsibility, care, and labor. In youth, we look forward to the time when life shall as-

sume a deeper significance, and become a scene of earnest toil and effort. Until then, we have nothing to do. So the young live in the future, and are thoughtless of the present.

But in opposition to these views of the season of youth, in my judgment there is no period in human existence possessed of such relative importance, and so full of interest, as this.

In the first place, it is important because it is the *starting point* in life—the period when we all begin to live. In every human enterprise, it is essential that we begin aright. To commence wrong, in any undertaking, promises poorly for future success. The first step controls the second, and the second affects the succeeding one, and so on through life. An error at the beginning of life may prove much more dangerous and fatal than the errors of our later years. They may pave the way for greater sins to follow. They may be the small beginnings of a great “comedy of errors,” while mistakes at the close of life will lead to but few succeeding ones. In solving a mathematical problem which requires a long, complicated process of additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions, a mistake of one figure only, and that of the least relative value, at the beginning, may prove a serious error at the close of the process. That blunder, slight at first, runs through the entire work, increasing at every step, leading to other and greater errors, and in the result the

magnitude of the wrong is truly fearful. Had that mistake occurred near the close of the process, its result would have been less. So the errors of our youth, though trivial in themselves, may run through the whole problem of life, increasing in magnitude all the while, so that what in the morning of life seemed like a little cloud, no larger than the hand, may multiply and spread until it shall darken the whole heavens.

Let the young, then, beware of the smallest sins. Shun all error and wrong in early life — so shall thy future years be bright and peaceful, and blessings shall follow thee to the grave.

Secondly. Again, youth is exceedingly important, because it is the most dangerous period in life. Temptations come upon the young with a fearful power. Every period brings its own peculiar temptations, but none like that of youth. Then the voice of the charmer is powerfully dangerous; then the feelings are fresh, buoyant, and strong — the passions are all unsubdued — the intellect and moral powers are undeveloped — the habits are unestablished, and the young tread the path of virtue with inexperienced and, alas! too often with hesitating steps. Happy, thrice happy is that young man who stands firmly on the rock of virtue, resisting successfully the syren influences of all worldly temptation “Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the

young man stands amid the temptations of the world, like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality."

Finally, let no one regard the season of youth with indifference. Let the young improve it well, and lay up treasures for coming years. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." I will close with the following beautiful extract. Read it, ponder it, and learn its lessons.

"It was New Year's night. An old man stood at his window and looked, with a glance of fearful despair, up to the immovable and ever-blooming heavens, and down upon the still, pure, white earth on which no one was so joyless and sleepless as he. His grave was near him. It was covered with the snow of old age, and not with verdure of youth, and he had brought with him from a whole rich life nothing but errors, sins, and diseases, a wasted body and a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of repentance. The beautiful days of his youth came back to him like spectres, and brought him again to that lovely morning when his father first placed him on the cross-way of life which leads, on the right, on the sunny path of virtue, into a broad, quiet land, full of light and harvests, and which, on the left, plunges into the mole-walks of vice, and into a cave full of poisonous distillations, hissing snakes, and dark, sultry vapors.

"Alas, the snakes were hanging on his breast, and the poison-drops were on his tongue! He knew now where he was. Distracted with unutterable grief he appealed to Heaven: 'Give me back my youth, O father! place me again upon the cross-road, that I may choose otherwise.' But both his father and his youth were gone long ago. He saw *ignes fatui* dancing upon the marshes and disappearing in the cemetery, and he said, 'These are my days of folly.' He saw a star fall glittering from heaven, and vanish on the earth. 'That am I,' said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-fangs of repentance struck deeper and deeper into his wounds. His inflamed imagination pictured to him flying night-walkers upon the roofs, and the windmill lifted its arms threatening destruction. A skull, left behind in the house of the dead, gradually assumed his features. In the midst of this struggle, the music for the New Year flowed down from the steeple, like far-off church melodies. He was moved. He looked around the prison and over the far-reaching earth, and thought of the friends of his youth, who now, happier and better than he, were teachers of the earth, fathers of happy families, and blessed of men, and he exclaimed, 'O, I also, like you, might slumber with dry eyes, on this first night of the New Year, if I had willed it. Alas, I too might be happy, my dear parents, if I had fully obeyed your exhortations!'

"In the feverish remembrance of the spring-time of

his life, the skull with his features seemed to him to raise itself. At length, by that superstition which sees in the New Year's night the spirits of futurity, it became a living youth.

"He could behold it no more. He covered his eyes. A thousand hot tears streamed from his eyes and were lost in the snow. He sighed, in accents scarcely audible, 'Come back, youth, come back!' And it did, come back. It was all a horrid dream. He was yet a youth. His errors only were no dream. He thanked God that he was still young, and that he could leave the walks of vice and return to the sunny path which leads into the land of harvests. Return with him, young reader, if you are standing on the wrong path, that this terrible dream become not in the future your judge. If you then call, 'Return, beautiful youth,' it will not return."

B. M. Tillotson.

THE PILGRIM OF THE WORLD.

THE world's weary pathway — I've wandered it
through,
Some bright-glancing meteor ever in view ;
And fair forms of fancy were beckoning me on,
But, ere I could grasp them, the charmers were gone ;
And small seems the worth of the joys I've possessed,
Now life's journey is o'er, and the Pilgrim must rest.

Men's histories scanned, on the first and last page
The yearnings of youth and the anguish of age
Alike are impressed ; and what boots it, between,
Perchance, in thy record a triumph has been ?
As vain were thy efforts that joy to retain,
As imprison the sunbeam, or fetter the main.

Beauty and Love — O ! their emblems are flowers,
Their date of existence is numbered by hours ;
And Friendship's warm smile with the swallow has
flown,
And Fame with the popular breathing is gone ;
And Gold in the grasping is dimmed by thy cares,
'Twas Hope lent it lustre — that hope is thine heir's !

Thus fair as the siren, but false as her song,
The world's painted shadows that lure us along.
Like the mist on the mountain, the foam on the deep,
Or the voices of friends that we greet in our sleep,
Are the pleasures of earth; and I mourn that to
 heaven
I gave not the heart which to folly was given.

Sarah Jane Hale.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HAIL, land of the Mountain Dominion !
 Uplifting thy crest to the day,
Where the eagle is bathing his pinion
 In clouds that are rolling away.
O, say, from the Pilgrim descended
 Who trampled on Albion's crown,
Shall we, by thy cataracts splendid,
 Refuse thee a wreath of renown —
A wreath of renown from thy evergreen bough,
Entwined with the oak that adorneth thy brow ?

What though, on the mountains that bore us,
 The fern in her loneliness waves ?
Our forefathers tilled them before us,
 And here will we dwell by their graves ;

And beloved of thy blue-eyed daughters,
Ever true to the brave and the free,
We'll drink of the gush of thy waters,
That leap in the sun to the sea.
Huzza to the rocks and glens of the North !
Huzza to the torrents that herald them forth !

Ye hills, where the tempest hath billowed,
O, glance to the vales of the sun !
Where hearts, on iniquity pillowed,
Melt not o'er the deeds they have done !
Where *Slavery's* merciless minion,
Is scourging the slave with his rod,
While *Liberty* foldeth her pinion,
And mournfully murmurs to God ;
Where the dew on the flower, and the mist on the
flood,
With voices that startle, cry, "Blood ! brother, blood !"

Thank God, that the scourge and the fetter
Have never dishonored thy flag !
And, but for thy *shame* that the debtor
Is dragged from his home on the crag,
Thy fearless and puritan spirit
Might speak, with a cry of disdain,
To the valleys whose children inherit
The slave in his collar and chain !

Let the woes of the bondman dissolve thee no more,
Till thy bolts are withdrawn on the penniless poor.

Peace to us is evermore singing
Her songs on thy mountains of dew,
While still at our altars are swinging
The swords that our forefathers drew.
But O, may we never unsheath them
Again where the carnage awaits,
But to our descendants bequeath them
To hang upon Liberty's gates,
Encircled with garlands, as blades that were drawn
By the hosts of the Lord, that have conquered and
gone !

All hail to thee, Mountain Dominion !
Whose flag on the cloud is unrolled,
Where the eagle is straining his pinion,
And dipping his plumage in gold.
We ask for no hearts that are truer,
No spirits more gifted than thine,
No skies that are warmer or bluer,
Than dawn on thy hemlock and pine.
Ever pure are the breezes that herald thee forth,
Green land of my father ! thou Rock of the North !

J. Q. A. Wood.

FREE THOUGHT.

NOW-A-DAYS, when so many are thinking, and so many are writing ; at a time when great thoughts are shaking the social world — when olden creeds are paling in the searching light of dawning science, it ill becomes any one to set up the bounds of thought and expression. Whenever and wherever a word is to be said, or a thought to be uttered, 'tis a gross and miserable assumption that dictates its reception. Much as we prate of freedom — intellectual freedom — freedom of thought, will, and action, but few, *very few* DARE bring out their own true thoughts to the open light ; for should they do violence to popular sentiment, the crowd, the populace, the sect, the order, all are *down upon* them with an avalanche of denunciation.

For this reason, so few genuine writers are among us ; and while so many are babbling and warring among the tombs and shades of unmeaning dogmas, but few dare proclaim the truthful inspirations of their own hearts. A sorry picture society presents : the many, perched upon the mountain-tops of their own delusion, stoutly maintaining the beliefs and opinions of their kind ; while the few, yet powerful, deferring

the impracticable questions of eternity to its own *sure* revealings, have fixed themselves upon the more certain grounds of science and philosophy. Still, others there are, more strong, standing on the broad line of truth and reason, whose electric thoughts sweep out upon the world, and fall with a strange spell upon the hearts and minds of men; — all, all intent upon their own diverse schemes — all have their adherents, all their devotees.

With this view, that looks out beyond sect, or clan, or neighborhood, would not true wisdom incline us to the liberal side, to give a wide berth to the feelings and sentiments of all? Indeed, this is *not* a question of *privilege*, but of *right*; and the time has *now* come when men may speak out freely, and not fear the frowns of synods. Without this freedom, without a just regard to individual opinions, society were but a grand scheme of associative tyranny, and to oppose its edicts were madness.

But better things prevail, and time hastens when mind will be fully free. True lives exist — true thought is growing. It will one day find a tongue. It will speak. It will be heard — it will be regarded. Society, it is true, is inflicted with a host of maladies; but they are not so deep or dangerous as many suppose. They are not past cure. In fact, men are *better* than we call them, better than they seem. “’Tis *society*, not man, that sins.” This truth is not sufficiently

regarded — not sufficiently understood. Men are not *all bad* — cowards and conformists, by custom; by nature, noble, independent, and strong. A web of circumstances surround and control them. Yet there's a soundness at the bottom; there's an *inert* sense in man not apparent to all; and, despite the servility of society, there is still latent in the mind a respect, a love for the very spirit that scorns and defies its power; and even now, every exhibition of heroic independence but raises our regard to the loftiest admiration, before which the time-serving conformist of the day sinks to utter crawling.

Thus much has been said, not with a view to show, but to use and application. Indeed, in this age of books and steam, whoever writes without a *thought* or an *object* before him, had better be about something else — had better keep his wares at home.

Living together as we do, as communities, as associates, as friends, there are many means and uses for the cultivation of social intercourse. To this end a nucleus is formed, and the attracted elements are drawn together. It little matters the *means*, if the accomplishment is good. To this spirit that unites, that brings together, that gives play to the liveliest feelings and faculties of the soul, I most cheerfully subscribe; but with that other spirit, that prescribes thought, that restrains speech, and is forever descanting on the sins of others, I've no sort of sympathy whatever. It

makes no one better, it begets no love, it does no good. The rule by which I would abide, and by which I would have *all* abide, would be to do right ourselves, and let others believe, think, and talk as they may. But adopt and extend this rule, and intercourse, which is now so sectional and restrained, would be free and invigorating; but do *this*, and society, which now looks so wintry and forbidding, would put on the hues and pleasantness of spring.

There is no need of all this cutting up, splitting, assorting, and dividing the human family after the distinctions of men. No need of partition walls; no need of hedges; no need of lines. Out with them! they are false, invidious, and hateful. Be truthful, be generous, be free, is the song that *Nature* sings; and who would break those tuneful harmonies — would stop those inspiring notes, would *hurry up* the discordant elements of earth — ay, cast asunder the angel band that shout around the throne of Heaven?

F. A. M.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE ISLES.

[Lucy Goodale Thurston, daughter of Rev. Asa and Mrs. Lucy Thurston, (missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, where she was born,) arrived at New York, on a visit to the land of her fathers, and immediately after sickened and died, at the age of seventeen years and ten months, leaving a sure and sweet hope of acceptance through the Redeemer.

The biographer of this interesting girl remarks, "Hers was a peaceful home. Affection made it happy, and regular and varied occupations added zest to its enjoyments. When, with her mother and sister, she walked along the shores of the broad Pacific, and listened to tales of her father-land, and of a Christian land, her heart never sighed for the far-off region she had brightly pictured in her imagination; and she returned with a contented spirit to her quiet home at Kailua."]

FAIR daughter of the sunny isles,
That sit like sovereigns on the sea,
How shall I weave a song of smiles
For her who never smiled on me?
Or how of graces may I speak,
That never yet have blest mine eyes;
The dewy lip, the virgin cheek
Of one that's past beyond the skies?

I know that Fancy's pearls may shine
On Beauty, and, like pearls, be cold !
That Flattery's flowers round Wit may twine,
And die on bosoms they enfold ;
And well I know the exalted Mind,
That late informed thy perfect clay,
Would not with Love or Wit be shrined
Nor be adored in servile lay.

I know that Death invests the friend
With worth Existence never knew ;
And to defects we love to lend
The veil that gives them Virtue's hue ;
But thou need'st not our glimmering light,
To shine on thy regretted tomb ;
Nor flowers of verse — whose path was bright,
Whose life was one bouquet of bloom.

And thou, beyond as well the songs
As wailings of a world like this,
Art mingling with the sister-throngs
That early fled away to bliss ;
As far removed from paltry praise,
Which vainly would thy notice win,
As from material wants and ways —
As thy pure spirit is from sin !

I love to think thy tender age
Was wed to Nature's wondrous book ;
And that thou didst upon its page
Of flowers and shells and planets look ;
And yet, from flower, and star, and sea,
A very child — did'st turn away,
To seek the glances dear to thee,
In thine own quiet Kailua.

I love to think how free thou wast
From Fashion's lore, that taints our kind ;
That still is purchased at the cost
Of kingdoms — a transparent mind !
And sigh to think earth has so few —
Such price is for refinement paid —
As thou, to simple Nature true,
A guileless and a trusting maid.

I sigh for her who nobly brought
Such wealth from Honolulu's strand ;
And him who, sending, meekly thought
With such to bless its father-land.
And yet 'tis well, this tropic gem
All polished — though to these unknown —
So early shines, a diadem,
Where shines the rainbow-cinctured throne.

Thanks for the record of thy worth,
Traced by Affection's modest pen ;
Tears gave I to its earnest truth,
Though counted not with weeping men.
And better thought I of my race,
Redeemed by excellence so rare ;
And richer seemed abounding Grace,
That sought and dowered such lovely heir.

With books that may not perish be
These pages numbered ; youth shall know
How to perfection's symmetry
The daughter of the Lord may grow ;
And here, as mirrored in a glass,
May see how fair the saint may shine,
Who lets this world unheeded pass,
And surely seeks a world divine.

Farewell ! I weep that flower so young,
The nursling of a gentle sky,
Should on our shores be coldly flung,
In all its loveliness, to air.
And yet 'twas ordered by His will,
Who wisely hath events decreed —
Thou wast but lent ; ye griefs, be still !
He but recalled when he had need.

W. B. Tappan.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

How beautifully true is the scriptural comparison of life to a flower, which springeth up in the morning and blooms, but in the evening is cut down and withers away! Its exceeding beauty and comeliness, its delicate tints, rose-colored and golden, its virgin buds and blossoms, and the incense which it lavishes from its fragrant urn upon the summer air, as it leans forward for its gentle kiss — what are they all, and what do they avail? Alas, they are as nothing. Radiant though it be with Nature's sunniest smile, and arrayed in her loveliest attire, the little flower which lifteth up its head so proudly at morn, bows to the blast, is stricken down, and withers away, wet with the dews of night. And so it is with *life*. We hardly enter the world, flushed with bright hopes and anticipations, ere we are summoned by the angel of death to leave it. We hardly taste its enjoyments and its pleasures, ere the cup is dashed from our lips forever. The eloquent lip becomes pale and mute at the moment we are drinking in its honied accents. The bright eye grows dim, and the strong arm motionless, while we are witnessing their power and conquests. The bril-

liant intellect flashes upon us, dazzling and delighting the world, and in an instant is gone. The loved one clings to us in the bloom of life, folds her hands about our neck, and the next moment lies lifeless in our arms. Honor and Station, however high, have no power to arrest the hand of the destroyer. The silver locks of Age bow before him. Youth and Innocence smile and plead to him, but he delights to feast upon their very smiles and dimples, and Beauty,

“ As, with embroidered scarf and golden zone,
She sweepeth by towards her jewelled throne,”

— Beauty, the impersonation of all that is lovely and excellent in woman, is touched by the icy finger of Death, falls to the earth, and becomes the food of worms. * * * * *

It is hard to part with those we love, and it seems like tearing away the heart-strings, to surrender them up to the cold chamber of the tomb. Notwithstanding all the consolation which religion or philosophy brings to the wounded spirit, still, the loss of those to whom we are endeared unmans one, if he has a throb of kindly feelings in his bosom. Cold and heartless indeed must be that philosophy—born of Christianity it cannot be—which weeps not over the remains of the loved and lost. The tear gushes to the sealed eye from the desert-heart within, when smitten by the hand of Omnipotence, as the waters gushed from the

rock in the wilderness, when the prophet smote it with his wand. To see the lip pale in death, yet wreathed with a living smile — to feel the brow cold and icy, and the eye, like that of Medora —

“O, o’er the eye Death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light—
Sinks those blue orbs in that long, last eclipse,
But spares us yet the smile around her lips.”

— all this moves us, unless we have a heart of adamant. And then the light-bounding step, so familiar and pleasant to hear; the voice of welcome, at morning, noon, and night; the eye that weeps over our misfortunes, and fills with tears of joy at our success; the smile at all times, and always happy, and bright, and cheerful; the earnest prayer for the little ones; the care and watchfulness over them; the devotion and unceasing attention, the clinging love and more than earthly affection by the side of the sick couch at midnight; how can we forget them, or, remembering, forbear to weep and mourn the loss of those who possess them?

I may err, and yet I cannot but regard the tie which binds the husband to the wife of his bosom as the golden thread of life, and the affection which springs from that relation as the holiest and purest of all the passions. Indeed, it embraces within itself, and centres upon the very heart’s shrine, the purer and better

attributes of them all. The undying strength, the tenderness and gushing ardor, of other affections are admitted. Their developments are delightful, and what a sweet, mellow radiance do they spread over the pathway of life, as it were a golden ray from the throne of heaven itself! The love which exists between young hearts, in the hey-day of life, has been sung and felt, and pronounced ecstatic. The love of sister for sister, or brother for brother; of a brother for his sister, his early playmate, and the sharer of his sports and his sorrows, and the return of that love from the sister's heart; the love of a mother for her child; ay, and above all, the love of a father for his daughter—how sweet, how endearing are they all! But that affection which exists between a young wife and the object of her earliest love, the creature of her virgin heart, is chaster, purer, and holier than all. Indeed, it is all in one; and when the tie which binds them is broken, when the young mother is stricken down to the cold earth, and death feasts upon her lips, her dimples, and her smiles; when the young father is snatched away from the side of her, the mother of his children, and the being of his tenderest love, what a void is left! What agony, what grief, press upon the spirit of the surviving one! We feel as though a golden harp, to whose seraphic tones we are listening, had suddenly stopped, while we strain the ear to catch its magic sounds. The survivor, for the moment, seems

to die, and the living heart to lie in the cold tomb with the dead and gone. The presiding spirit has vanished from the family circle; and the bereft, as the household gods lay scattered around, no longer to be gathered up by that presiding one, removed from earth to heaven, exclaims in the touching language of Ruth, the beautiful gleaner of Bethlehem, "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

J. H. Warland.

LIVING AND MEANS.

THE world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks nor tariffs, in bad public policy nor hard times, but in their own extravagance and heedless ostentation. The young mechanic or clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of taking hold to help him earn a livelihood by doing her own work, must have a hired servant to help her spend his limited earnings. Ten years afterward you will find him struggling on under

a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution of financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky.

Through every grade of society this vice of inordinate expenditure insinuates itself. The single man, "hired out" in the country at ten to fifteen dollars per month, who contrives to dissolve his year's earnings in frolics and fine clothes; the clerk, who has three to five hundred dollars a year, and melts down twenty to fifty of it into liquor and cigars, are paralleled by the young merchant who fills a spacious house with costly furniture, gives dinners, and drives a fast horse, on the strength of the profits he expects to realize when his goods are all sold and his notes all paid. Let a man have a genius for spending, and whether his income is a dollar a day or a dollar a minute, it is equally certain to prove inadequate. If dining, winning, and party-giving won't help him through with it, building, gaming, and speculating will be sure to. The bottomless pocket will never fill, no matter how bounteous the stream pouring into it. The man who, being single, does not save money on six dollars per week, will not be apt to on sixty; and he who does not lay up something in his first year of independent exertion, will be pretty likely to wear a poor man's hair into his grave.

When the world shall have become wiser, and its standard of morality more lofty, it will perceive and affirm that profuse expenditure, even by one who can pecuniarily afford it, is pernicious and unjustifiable; that a man, however wealthy, has no right to lavish on his own appetites, his tastes, or his ostentation, that which might have raised hundreds from destitution and despair to comfort and usefulness. But that is an improvement in public sentiment which must be waited for, while the other is more ready and obvious.

The meanness, the dishonesty, the iniquity, of squandering thousands unearned, and keeping others out of money that is justly theirs, have rarely been urged and enforced as they should be. They need but to be considered and understood, to be universally loathed and detested.

Horace Greeley.



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